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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

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THE feeling which leads us eagerly to contemplate under every aspect men of genius, to view them in public and in private, to view them as men in the social circle, and as superior beings in the theatre of the world, is an instinctive homage which man pays to man, and from its universality it may be pronounced natural to the human breast. But its operation is much restricted during the existence of its object: there are a thousand causes perpetually working on our minds, which prevent the full and perfect emanation of this feeling; envy, prejudice, ignorance, pride, all conspire to turn aside the natural current of our emotions and dictate to us a false language. When death, however, removes the object from the sphere of competition; when praise can give no more delight, nor censure wound by its severity; then it is that we are eager to testify our admiration, and lavish forth encomiums with a spendthrift's hand. Sad reward of genius! that the meed of merit should be reserved only to enwreathe the dull sepulchre, when in the bosom of its cold inhabitant one pulse of joy can no longer be awakened.

These reflections were suggested to us by reflecting upon the life of the subject of the present memoir. He burst forth in his outset into momentary splendour; he was neglected; and for many years his labours were only sufficient for the day that was passing over him. Just when he was again reaching the envied height of renown, when the glittering prize of public applause and public patronage was within his eager grasp, fate doomed him to the grave and left a nation to lament his loss.

John Opie was born in 1761. His birth place was the little obscure parish of St. Agnes, in the county of Cornwall: his father and grandfather were reputable master carpenters in that neighbourhood. It has been related, that a maternal ancestor of Opie's is the author of a valuable history of Cornwall, which was left nearly entire, and is at present in the possession of Lord de Dunstanville. This, whether true or false, can neither add to nor diminish from the individual fame of Opie; he can receive no aggrandisement of reputation from a distant consanguinity with an obscure author of an unpublished and unfinished work.

He was early distinguished for an originality and strength of mind. What education a village school could afford he soon mastered, and was able in a short time to instruct others. He was called the "little Sir Isaac," as probably being a sort of phenomenon among the rustic youth of his own age. It may, indeed, be presumed that he attained to some degree of proficiency in knowledge, for we find him at twelve years of age setting up an evening school in St. Agnes, teaching arithmetic and writing, and reckoning among his scholars some nearly twice his own age.

It was the wish of his father that he should follow the trade of a carpenter, and indeed he followed that business for some time. His father was inimical to his wasting his time in drawing and painting, and used sometimes to throw a hammer at the head of our young artist when he caught him so employed. A rough mode of correction, but suited to the rude ignorance of the corrector.

It were vain to hope we could be able to ascertain by what gradations Opie proceeded in self-tuition. It is said, that his emulation was first excited in his tenth year, by seeing one of his companions drawing a butterfly; he looked eagerly on in silence;

and, being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, "he was thinking he could draw a butterfly, if he were to try, as well as Mark Oates." He attempted; he succeeded; and felt, perhaps, the first throb of exultation. After this, he copied the picture of a *Farm Yard*, which hung in the parlour of a neighbouring lady, and successively several other pieces.

About this time his talents became known to a gentleman, who has since rendered himself eminently conspicuous in the literary world; we mean Dr. Wolcot, better known by his cognomen of Peter Pindar. The Doctor was practising as a physician at Truro, and, being upon a professional visit at St. Agnes, he happened to fall into conversation upon the subject of painting with a lady there, who pointed to a well known print of a farm yard, and informed him that there was a sawyer's lad in the parish who greatly admired that picture, and who had copied several figures from it. Dr. Wolcot then enquired where he worked, and being informed he immediately proceeded to the spot. There he found young Opie down in a saw-pit, working with his father. The Doctor called to him, and questioned him about his performances; Opie replied, that he painted *blazing stars! Duke William! King and Queen!* and *Mrs. Nankivell's Cat!* The Doctor requested to see a specimen: Opie tucked up his leather apron, bounced across the hedge, and soon returned with Mrs. Nankivell's *cat*, a *red lion*, and part of a *huge devil*, the monstrous appearance of which (for, in conformity with the vulgar idea, he was equipped with a tremendous pair of horns, asses ears, and enormous goggling eyes) caused a hearty laugh to the Doctor. He desired him, however, to call at his house on the following Sunday. Opie was punctual to the appointment, and his patron provided him with some materials for painting, such as brushes, colours, &c. These visits were repeated, and Dr. Wolcot at length began to perceive some signs of genius, and he now seriously resolved to give him some practical instructions. He was for some time at a loss to ascertain to what particular point to direct his attention: he thought he had powers for landscape, and indeed he has been constantly heard to say, that had he devoted his talents to that branch of the art, he would have been still more eminent than he is. The following anecdote relating to this period of Opie's life serves, in some measure, to confirm this idea; it has never before been given to the public.

Dr. Wolcot used to take young Opie with him into the fields, to give him an idea of landscape and the aërial perspective. One evening when they were at Falmouth they walked into the country, near Pendennis Castle; it was a calm summer's evening; the sea at a distance added to the beauty and majesty of the scene; our young artist contemplated it in silence; he listened to the instructions of the Doctor; and the next day drew the whole from memory. It was finely coloured, and equal to any of our first masters in composition. Opie was at this time seventeen.

His patron, however, thought that personal vanity would insure him a better prospect of success in portrait painting, and he therefore urged him to direct all his powers that way. Opie was a constant inmate with the Doctor, who used to call him up every morning in summer at three o'clock, that he might commence his labours. The consequence was, that in a few months he began to reap the fruits of them; for he now painted half-lengths for five shillings. In the intervals of these pursuits, the Doctor taught him the French language; he endeavoured also to give him some idea of the classics, but in this he was not very successful. We have been told that Opie taught himself the Latin language in his latter years. The German flute too formed part of the instructions of Dr. Wolcot. He aimed also at giving our artist a little exterior polish, by divesting him of his rough and clownish manners, but this he found the most difficult of all. Many Chesterfieldian advices were bestowed upon the Cornish Stanhope; he remained, however, to a certain degree unaffected by them. He advised him also to change his name from *Hoppy* (for that is its original orthography) to the more genteel one

of Opie, aware of the influence even of a name in the outset of an active and ambitious life.

Opie now began to be of some consequence. His fame increased, and with it increased his prices. He never ventured, however, to make any enlargement of demand without first consulting the Doctor, who, in proportion as he discovered the increasing dawn of his pupil's talents, advised him to fix a higher reward for them. He proceeded gradually from half-a-crown to five shillings; from five shillings to seven and sixpence, and then to half a guinea: at length he proceeded to a guinea; but this progression of pecuniary emolument was not made without many exclamations on the part of young Opie 'that he should ruin the county!'

Our artist now, however, began to rise into consequence. He bought a horse to go from town to town; he wore a ruffled shirt and a cocked hat, and sacrificed a little to the Graces. Returning home once after an excursion through the country in which he had amassed about twenty guineas, he entered the Doctor's room with manifest exultation, and exclaiming "I shall wallow in gold!" he actually threw the guineas on the floor and rolled about in them like a pig.

He paid great deference to Dr. Wolcot's instructions. This gentleman has himself devoted some attention to painting. Opie used to stand over him when he was at work, and exclaim sometimes, "Ah! if I could ever paint like you!" But his mentor began now to know the real powers of his pupil; and his constant reply was, "If I thought thou would'st not exceed me, John, I would not take such pains with thee." For nearly two years young Opie would never paint a single picture without his friend leaning over him to correct him as he proceeded, and to give him confidence in his labours. We mention these particulars, which we have from indisputable authority and which have never before been given to the public, because it has been confidently stated by the friends of Mr. Opie and we believe by Mr. Opie himself, that he started forth at once a matured genius; that he was an untutored artist, and owed every thing to nature. The case is exactly the reverse; his first attempts were so rude, that Dr. Wolcot has been heard to say, it was a long time before he believed him capable of any thing higher than to paint signs, &c. One of his earliest attempts was a head of the doctor, which, we have heard, was most frightfully incorrect. But he was enthusiastic, and this added to perseverance overcame all.

The constant advice of the Doctor to his pupil was for him to have two ambitions; the first, to reach the head of his profession; the second, to assist his parents, and take his sister from servitude. How well he has followed the first the world knows; the world also ought to know that his success was equal in the second: He was an affectionate son and brother, and justly offered at the shrine of filial duty the first fruits of his labours.

In painting, as in poetry, genius often starts at once to perfection; and remains afterwards stationary, or sometimes even becomes retrograde. It has been said, that some of Opie's pieces which he did while he was in Cornwall, are equal, if not superior, in colouring, to any thing he afterwards executed. But these examples are rare, and perhaps have less of truth in them than is commonly imagined. Injudicious admiration of present excellence often leads us to transfer our immediate feelings to prior exertions; and seeing through a delusive medium, the accuracy of our estimations is problematical.

The Doctor, pleased with the growing excellence of his pupil, now resolved to remove him to Exeter, which is usually regarded as the London of the West of England. Previously to his departure, much pains were taken to improve his general appearance; to remove the barbarisms that yet adhered to him; to give him a genteel deportment; to clear his tongue from its provincial harshness; and, in fact, to fit him as far as possible for acting a respectable part upon the great theatre of life. It was at this period, we believe, that he changed his name from Hoppy, which was

conceived to have something vulgar in it, for Opie, the appellation of a genteel family in the duchy of Cornwell. His success in Exeter was commensurate to his abilities; and every thing seemed to point out the metropolis as the proper sphere now for the display of them.

Previously, however, to departing for London, Dr. Wolcot wrote to Humphries, at that time a celebrated miniature painter, telling him of the uncommon powers of young Opie, and of his intention to visit the capital. Humphries, probably from jealousy of the abilities of Opie, replied, that London was overstocked with artists; that the chances of his success were very few; and endeavoured as far as possible to check the idea of his establishing himself in London. It is worthy of remark, that Opie, after he became a Royal Academician, was solicited by Humphries for his vote, to assist him towards attaining the same honour.

About this time, however, (1780), Dr. Wolcot himself resolved to visit the capital, for the purpose of essaying those talents which have since rendered him so celebrated. He and Opie therefore set off together; and being both unmarried, they agreed to make a common purse, into which their mutual earnings should be put. This plan continued for some time, until Opie, from his increasing connexions, finding that he no longer stood in need of his patron's assistance, signified the same to him while he was in the country, by letter, and consequently dissolved the domestic union. This circumstance, we believe, occasioned a coolness between the Doctor and Opie, which was never afterwards cordially removed. They visited each other; but the warmth and sentiment of friendship had expired. It was from this pecuniary union that arose the insinuation of the Doctor sharing half the profits, and, in fact, living upon the labours of the man whom he affected to patronize. We believe this accusation to be false.

It does not appear, however, that Opie was deficient in gratitude to his friend and benefactor. We have been informed, that the original of the following curious note of hand is still in the possession of Dr. Wolcot; but whether it was given previously, or subsequently to the above, we are not prepared to affirm:—

"I promise to paint, for Dr. Wolcot, any picture or pictures he may demand, as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a d—d ungrateful son of a b—h.

"JOHN OPIE."

This is a curious document, and serves to shew the opinion entertained by Opie of the services rendered him by the Doctor. Nor does it appear that he ever swerved from this voluntary obligation: but the reader will smile when he hears that he always made his friend pay 1s. 6d. for the canvas. Such are the eccentricities of men of genius!

Mr. Opie had not been long in London before his talents rendered him conspicuous. Through the recommendation of Dr. Wolcot, his pictures were shewn to Mrs. Boscawen, and by this lady he was introduced to the late Mrs. Delancy. It was she that procured to our artist the royal notice. Having contrived an opportunity for the royal family to see his '*Old Beggar Man*,' the painter of that picture was soon afterwards honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham House. Opie's account of this affair was given, on his return, in a characteristical manner to the Doctor, who has often been heard to relate it with great humour.

"There was Mr. West," said John, "in the room, and another gentleman. First, her Majesty came in; and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, till I saw her face, and discovered by her features that she was the Queen. In a few minutes afterwards his M—y came hopping in; I suppose," says John, "because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures, and liked them; but he whispered to Mr. West,—'tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them.' The one he bought was that of '*A Man struck blind by Lightning*;' the price given was 10*l.*; and with this John returned to the Doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, told him,—"Why, John, thou hast only got eight

pounds for thy picture." "Indeed but I have tho'," cried John; "for I have got the ten pounds safe in my pocket." At this he shewed him the money.— "Aye," rejoined the Doctor, "but dost thou know that his M——y has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds." "Damn it, so he has," cried John: "I'll go back and *knack* at the door, and ask for the frame; d—n it, I will." He was about to proceed, but was dissuaded from it by his friend.

The consequence, however, of this royal interview was, that he immediately became popular. His door was thronged with carriages; the nobility were eager to have their lineaments traced by the hand of the self-taught boy from the tin mines in Cornwall. But the ladies soon deserted him.— Opie wanted grace: He could paint the stern features of man; the visage of the midnight assassin; the ferocious countenance of the warrior; the conjunct appearance of beggary and decrepitude; but could not attain to the power of depicting the soft elegance and graceful loveliness of the female sex. His manner was too harsh and rigid; feminine delicacy of character was lost. The ladies soon discovered this, and transferred their patronage to other artists. Opie was perhaps too punctiliously accurate to please the sex; whatever defects marked the original, even to the minutest, he transplanted to his canvas. This was doing more than perhaps was wanted: the vanity of those who sit for their portraits makes them anxious in general that they should appear something better than nature has made them; that art should lend its hand to decorate and adorn. Very few are those whom nature has formed so lovelily fair, that they can stand the ordeal of correct and minutely faithful delineation. Opie early erred in this respect, if error it may be called. While in Cornwall, a Mrs. Daniel, a lady of Truro, sat for her portrait; but she complained he made her too yellow: Opie, however, had painted her as she was; and he replied, with his usual blunt sincerity, "Will you have yourself? If not, I'll go down to Sir Francis Bassett's, and draw one of the graces from Rubens." What is undoubtedly real grace, our artist deemed affectation; and used often to reply so to the urgent remonstrances of his patron the Doctor. Latterly, however, he acquired more of it; and it is believed, the marked improvement in female portraits in this particular, which he displayed in his latter efforts, was owing in a great measure to Mrs. Opie, who used to stand over him and endeavour to make him sensible of the true grace of the female form.

In 1786, our artist was known as an exhibitor at Somerset House; and soon after he aspired to academical honours. He attained, ultimately, to the rank of a Royal Academician.— But the tide of popular favour, which set in so strongly at first, now turned its current; and we believe that for many years Mr. Opie scarcely earned more by his pencil than sufficed to an independent and liberal maintenance. Yet his merit was conspicuous. Dr. Wolcot, breakfasting one morning with Sir Joshua Reynolds, shewed him one of Opie's pieces: Sir Joshua's observation was remarkable—"Why this boy begins where other people leave off!" A high compliment, and the more to be valued, because the professional testimony of a man who was himself at the head of the art.

As soon as Mr. Opie perceived himself advancing in fame and fortune, he removed from an obscure house in some court, where he lived, to Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-Fields, and thence to Berners-street, Oxford-road. What time his first marriage took place we have not learned: but it was not felicitous; the lady encouraged a paramour, and the natural consequences were a lawsuit, separation, &c. His second marriage was more happy. On the 8th of May, 1798, he united himself to Miss Alderson, the only child of Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician in Norwich. The lady had, before this event, signalized herself by some poetical productions; but it is the works that she has published since her union with Mr. Opie which have elevated her to so reputable a situation in the walks of literature. Her *Father and Daughter* is an affecting and interesting composition: after

this she gave to the world a volume of *Poems*, which reflect a very conspicuous lustre on her talents; nor has Mrs. Opie suffered any diminution in her reputation by her subsequent efforts,—*The Mother and Daughter*, and the *Tales*. We with pleasure pay this tribute to her merits; and we do not hesitate to say, that in pathos, in the power of exciting the passions, she has no equal in the language among her contemporaries, and perhaps no superior in her predecessors. This is undoubtedly preeminently her forte—in the delineation of character she is less happy, and particularly in the delineation of eccentric character: a striking instance of this may be seen in her *Mother and Daughter*.

We wish it were in our power to give a complete list of our artist's productions. Every thing relating to a man of genius has a claim upon our curiosity: our feelings interest themselves in the minutest circumstance respecting him. The following are some of his principal pieces:—

I. The death of David Rizzio. This appeared at the exhibition, and is considered as his *chef d'œuvre*. It is a striking proof of what might have been produced by Opie in the historical line, if the want of sufficient encouragement had not driven him to the necessity of sacrificing to our national vanity, by labouring in the humble but more profitable avocation of a portrait painter.

II. The murder of James I. King of Scotland.

III. The presentation in the Temple.

IV. Jeptha's vow. The two last were among those painted for Macklin's edition of the Bible. They are conspicuous for boldness of conception, and for strength of colouring and effect.

V. Hubert and Arthur, from Shakspeare's King John.

VI. Juliet in the Garden: a piece conspicuous for great sweetness of delineation.

VII. Arthur's escape from King John.

VIII. Escape of Gil Blas.

IX. Musidora.

X. An admirable beggar now in the possession of Dr. Wolcot. This was among his earliest productions, while he was in Cornwall, and is esteemed by its possessor as being nothing inferior in expression and originality of character to any of his subsequent efforts. But it is not, we believe, generally known, that there exists a portrait of the learned Mr. Townsend, author of a *Journey through Spain*, the *Physician's Vade Mecum*, and the *Elements of Therapeutics*, now in the Linnæan Gallery of Dr. Thornton. It was among the very earliest of our artist's productions. It has on the margin *Opie, pinxit. Æt.* 17. It equals Rembrandt in strength of light and shade, and is besides an admirable likeness. The history of this picture is curious, and has not before been given to the public. The sister of Opie lived as a servant with Mr. Townsend. Her brother went to visit her, and expressed a wish to draw her master; she laughed at him; but young Opie took some common colours from a house-painter who happened to be employed on the premises, and actually drew the very picture now in Dr. Thornton's possession. The execution, however, is what confers the high value on this picture; it shews the early dawn of a great mind, the radiance of a rising sun.

Opie is also to be considered as a literary candidate. In Pilkington's Dictionary is a Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds by him, which is written with sufficient knowledge of his subject, and in a correct and easy style. This was his first literary attempt, and it may be conjectured that it received some corrections from his friend. Afterwards he published a letter in the Morning Chronicle, (since republished in "An Inquiry into the requisite Cultivation of the Art of Design in England") in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a National Gallery, tending at once to exalt the arts of this country and immortalize its glories. At the establishment of the Royal Institution, Mr. Opie was chosen as lecturer on painting. His exertions here, however, neither pleased himself nor his auditory; the former probably was a consequence of the latter. His

manner of delivery was coarse and unimpressive; he had no fluency; he might instruct, but he had not the art of giving grace to his instructions; his materials were good, but they were not wrought with sufficient elegance and exactness to please the fastidious palates of the male and female philosophers who amble up and down the lecture room of the Institution. He discontinued them. About the same time he was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. He had before offered himself as a candidate, but was told that he had as a competitor a man, whose genius and learning every way entitled him to preference; it was Fuseli. Opie relinquished his pretensions, but declaring that only to him would he do it: Consequently, when that gentleman was appointed keeper of the academy, Opie renewed his claims, and was elected without difficulty. As a professor he endeavoured to complete what he had left imperfect as a lecturer: to his four lectures at Somerset House he found an audience better suited to their master. Opie was formed to instruct, not to delight.

It has been attempted to crown our artist with the appellation of a *scholar*. It is a profanation of the term; he was no such thing. He knew something of French; a little of Latin; this was the boundary of his intellectual acquirements; by no perversion of language can he lay claim to the name of a scholar. But he was a man of genius, and that perhaps is higher praise. His thoughts and his mode of expression are his own; his mind was vigorous, manly, and original; it was accurate, but not enlarged; it was acute, but not expanded. In his conversation he betrayed more force than depth; he maintained his opinions tenaciously, and was fond of argument. He owed much, however, to cultivation: when Dr. Wolcot first discovered him and drew him forth from obscurity to notice, he was unable to write a common letter; it was the Doctor's friendly task for many years to correct his epistolary labours, and to give him a tolerable style.

Mr. Opie was just beginning to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his genius and labour; he was reaching the zenith of his popularity, beloved by his friends, admired as an artist by strangers, and acquiring every day increasing fame and wealth, when an unexpected termination was put to his earthly career, on Thursday, the 9th of April, 1807, in the forty-sixth year of his age. The disease which occasioned this lamented event originated in a cold, caught in returning from a visit to his friend Tresham. He had been attended by Dr. Ash, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Carlisle, and in the latter stage of his illness by Dr. Pitcairn and Dr. Baillie. The symptoms of his disorder were extraordinary. On dissection, the lower portion of the spinal marrow and its investing membrane were found slightly inflamed, and the brain surcharged with blood; with other accordant appearances, constituting a most rare occurrence in the records of Medicine.

On Monday, the 27th of April, his remains were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, near those of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Great funeral honours were paid him, as a testimony of the high esteem felt for his talents. Almost all his professional friends attended, and the body was met at Temple Bar by the city marshals, who preceded it to St. Paul's. For a more detailed account of this ceremony, we refer our readers to the Universal Magazine for May, p. 446. It is supposed he died worth between eight or nine thousand pounds.

In private life Mr. Opie was generally esteemed. His coarse manners had no influence on the virtues of his heart; the latter appeared only the more amiable, because contrasted by the unpolished rudeness of their investment. He never completely threw off the roughness of his origin; he disliked to be in polished society, for the restraint which it imposed was unpleasant to him. At home he loved to give a loose to, what may be called, the natural propensities of his character. He utterly despised what may be termed the polish of society; he used to condemn it as affectation. We have heard that his regard to cleanliness was so small, that when painting the portrait of a gentleman or lady at their own house, he would not scruple to wipe his brushes on the

chintz bed or window curtains. These are the spots of the sun; the blemishes of that which is doomed to remain beneath perfection—the mind of man. We bring them forward, not from invidious motives; we can have none such; we would disdain to have any such; but, because impartiality demands that truth should direct the pen of the biographer. He, who wilfully conceals what cannot derogate from the dignity of human nature, but would serve to complete its yet imperfect characteristics, can justify himself upon no admitted principles of honour, integrity, or honesty.

The merits of Opie as an artist have been variously stated; some have exalted him above, some have depressed him beneath his level. For the satisfaction of our readers we shall close this account of him with the following observations on his professional talents, which, though not strictly just, seems to preserve a medium in its appreciations. It is extracted from a contemporary periodical work.

"Mr. Opie's conception of his subject was original, and his arrangement of it ideal: his execution depended, in a great measure, on the character of the model, which he placed before him for imitation in finishing the parts. He painted, what he saw, in the most masterly manner, and he varied little from it. He rather bent his subject to the figure, than the figure to the subject.

"That may be said of Opie, which can only truly be said of the highest geniuses, that he saw nature in *one point* more distinctly and forcibly than any painter that ever lived. *The truth of colour as conveyed to the eye through the atmosphere by which the distance of any object is ascertained*, was never better expressed than by him. He distinctly represented local colour in all its various tones and proportions, whether in light or in shadow, with a perfect uniformity of imitation. Other painters frequently make two separate colours of objects in light and in shade; Opie never. With him no colour, whether white, black, primary, or compound, ever, in any situation, lost its respective hue.

"For the expression of truth, which he was thus powerful in giving, it was requisite that he should see, or have seen, the object itself in the peculiar situation. The impression never left him, and he transmitted the image with fidelity to the canvas. He resigned himself unwillingly to fancy; yet examples are not wanting, both in historical subjects and in portraits, in which he added to the subject before him with felicity. —His *Arthur supplicating Hubert* (among many others) had an expression which certainly he did not find in his model. In the portrait of an *Artist* exhibited last year at Somerset House, he gave to the representation an ideal elegance, which rendered the head truly poetical, without, in any manner, detracting from the likeness.

"His pictures possessed, in an eminent degree, what painters call *breadth*. They were deficient in some of the more refined distinctions which mark the highly polished works of Raffaelle, Titian, or Reynolds; but they displayed so invariable an appearance of truth, as seemed sufficient to make a full apology, if it had been wanted, for the absence of all the rest.

"On his canvas, in general, no heterogeneous tones appeared; all was played in one key. This principle was observed with the extremest nicety in *single figures*, though not always equally in the *whole*. The figure and the back ground were each *separately* just, but they did not always harmonize. One of the happiest instances of his labours, in the perfect harmony of tone, is the picture of *Belisarius*, at present in the British Gallery, and soon to add value to that of the Marquis of Stafford. His portrait of Mr. Fox, in the exhibition of 1805, and that of the Duke of Gloucester in the present one, are examples of similar excellence.

"In his drawing, the same principle prevailed as in his colouring. Every thing was homogeneous; every thing was marked with precision, and in its place. He gave vivacity and force of expression to every subject of his pencil."

On the Italian IMPROVISATORI.* *From the German.*

Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo. OVID.

THE talent of speaking the language of poetry extempore is, on the other side of the Alps, so singular an appearance, that they have there no idea of the art itself, to say nothing of the species of intellectual enjoyment which it procures to social life. The pleasure which a happy impromptu excites in company is no more to be compared with the pleasure which a well executed improviso occasions, than a common magazine epigram, by X. Y. Z. is with a ballad of Bürger, or an elegy of Göethe. It should even appear, that poetry never shews her power over the mind more forcibly than in productions of this kind, where the poet, in the moment of creative inspiration, pours his song directly into the soul of his hearers. This effect, which the rimes of animated improvisatori never fail to produce, cannot be occasioned in the same degree by any poem, though carrying with it every mark of perfection, and given to the world with all the art of declamation. The energy, wrought up to its highest pitch, with which the imagination of the poet in these moments works; the continual combat of resisting, and happily conquered, difficulties, which are here in a manner brought before the eyes; the overpowering vigour with which the Improvisatore extricates himself from the labyrinth, in which he had got entangled; the lively enthusiasm which, during this contention, spreads from the poet through his audience, and, thus multiplied, re-acts upon the poet and still more powerfully kindles the flame of inspiration;—all this must necessarily produce effects, that even the utmost perfection of art (which is enjoyed only in the calm contemplation of the work) and the most masterly declamation never can attain: and, if ever the influence of intellectual powers stretched beyond the common height; if ever the ascendancy of inspired genius over temperate reason rendered itself visible in the production of an artificial work, certainly it is in this of extemporaneous poetry, where the intension of operating power stands in proportion to the length of time necessary to complete its effect; where—but let us rather permit an Italian to depict those symptoms which usually display themselves in scenes of this nature. A celebrated author of this nation, the Abbé Bettinelli, gives in his work *Dell' entusiasmo delle belle arti*, both a lively and striking description of it, which we shall here communicate to the reader:

"I have often," says this author, "had an opportunity of hearing an excellent Improvisatore, and I have observed him on such occasions with the greatest attention. At first he stands for awhile silent, and as it were irresolute; then he begins slowly and irregularly his song, faultering sometimes for rime, sometimes for thoughts: a proof that the enthusiasm is not yet come, that the poet finds himself yet on the same level with his hearers. But suddenly, before he himself suspects it or you are aware of it, you behold him inspired, heated, elevated; inspiration spreads her wing; and the symptoms of this flight are perceptible in him. With an animated countenance, abstracted from every thing present, he looks towards the heavens; remains motionless, as if forgetting even himself; he is no longer where he was; he sees no longer what he saw. The curtain has fallen; a new theatre, a new perspective, another world presents itself in dazzling lustre to his sight. He talks in dialogue; he invokes; he describes every object so intuitively, every thing so circumstantially, that nothing but the real presence could enable him to do it. This wonderful sight, this animating vision inflames his passions; his participation becomes every moment stronger; he riots in the enjoyment of it. The growing warmth speaks in every vein; his eyes sparkle; a higher carnation tinges his cheeks; an inspired smile dwells upon his lips; he shudders with delight; his whole form is in motion.

"Thus with pure warmth animated and ravished, his voice becomes louder; his gestures become more lively, his affections more vehement. A flood of

* This interesting article was communicated to the celebrated Wieland by the Italian, Fernow.

ideas, images, and rimes overwhelm and subdue him; words to clothe them in no longer present themselves; he feels himself confused and anxious. Verses press and drive each other; wave rolls over wave boisterous and noisy; the musician who accompanies the song can scarcely follow him; he is often impelled to rapid and wild fetches; and often driven from the proper time. But unexpectedly he stops, and sometimes in the very midst of his enthusiasm; either because the curtain of his internal vision drops, or because the fibres languish beneath the powerful exertion. At other times the Improvisatore continues for hours, without difficulty, in the same key.

"In these moments the poet utters, often without being himself conscious, the most beautiful and uncommon things; the rimes fall naturally in their places; the most choice, the most elevated and eloquent expressions adapt themselves freely to the thoughts; the most perfect harmony prevails in the syllabic proportions. The poet's soul seems to enter the lists with the most perfect unanimity of power, it shews itself in sovereign independence, speaks its own supernal language, and rises into superiority.

"At the same time a sort of pleasure, a delight spreads through the hearers which, from time to time, breaks forth in loud cries of joy. The audience feel themselves elevated too, and follow the flight of the poet. Like a ball struck to and fro flies the inspiration from the poet to the hearers, and from these back again, and increases, (in the mutual flight continually expanding) in both parties rapture, joy, and inebriation.

"Also the conclusion of such a scene gives room for some remarkable observations, both upon the poet and his audience. Striking is in the former, the exanimation after such laborious execution which seems to exceed the natural powers of the organs; in the latter, silence and a solemn stillness: as if their souls lost in astonishment, yet listened to the echoes of the song; as if they required a pause to recover themselves, to return to earth, from which they had followed the poet into a lofty, unknown sphere. It may also be remarked, that those in the company of the least feeling and sensibility, break silence first, and heap the usual compliments upon the poet; while those, on the contrary, who have felt the most intensely, are the longest before they move and awake from the state of ravishment in which they are.

"All these symptoms do not indeed always display themselves in such scenes, but only when the Improvisatore finds himself in a happy disposition for becoming powerfully inspired, and for communicating the same tone of feeling to his hearers. A choice circle of auditors contributes much towards this effect; and particularly when it consists of the friends of the poet, or of persons much esteemed by him. The applause which they bestow upon the finest passages of his poetry heightens the confidence and feelings of the poet; it is a spur which goads him on and stimulates him to reap new praise. The beauties redouble at every moment, and with them the incitement to bring all points into action; and this mutual emulation is for the poet the finest accompaniment to his song, and the best fire at which to kindle his enthusiasm."

After this description (which is extremely accurate as a general picture) of the effects which these extemporaneous effusions produce, it will perhaps be acceptable to the English reader, as a completion of the above account, to know a little more minutely the details of this scene. When the company is assembled, the Improvisatore demands a theme for the first song. This is commonly left to some lady or to some learned person, or else to a person whom we wish to honour by the preference. The company is then entertained for some time with a symphony, by the music which is to accompany the poetry, during which the Improvisatore prepares himself, without however withdrawing from the conversation. From the constant exercise of his art, he hardly allows it to be perceptible that his mind is occupied with any thing else. The company meanwhile increase and regulate themselves on their seats. Now the symphony ends; the poet repairs to his place opposite to

the audience. A glass of water or lemonade placed upon a little table near him is the Hippocrene with which he wets his mouth. The music preludes the melody; the poet informs the company of the proposed theme, and begins a few minutes afterwards his song, to which commonly an invocation to some god or Muse serves as a proem; but he often rushes upon his subject at once without any introduction. Every one listens now full of silent expectation; every look is fixed upon the poet; hardly is any one heard to breathe. But the first happy flight elevates the mind; the enthusiasm of the poet communicates itself to the hearers, and by degrees follow, stronger or weaker, all those consequences described above. No one remains long without the most lively participation. As soon as the thought of a stanza appears, and the corresponding rime is prepared to the one that precedes it, immediately the fancy of the hearers begins to work with that of the poet, and as often as his thoughts coincide with those of the former, or they are surprised by some turn contrary to their expectation, the feelings of joy and admiration break forth in loud applause, which becomes the more and more tumultuous, and frequently the more the poet and his audience are opposed to each other, till at last it bursts forth in one universal cry of delight. One act of the piece is now finished; the singer recovers himself, dries the perspiration from his glowing brow, and unbends himself a few minutes in discourse with the company that press round him. After a pause the music begins a new symphony; the Improvisatore asks a new theme; the company arrange themselves again; and the same scene takes place a second, sometimes a third, a fourth, and even a fifth time. Before, however, the conclusion of the piece, the Improvisatore endeavours to weave a garland for his talents by repeating in a few stanzas, or in a sonnet, the whole of the sentiments which he had delivered during the evening, and which he is able skilfully to compress in so short a compass.

The Improvisatori sing now in every kind of verse, notwithstanding the many species which belong to Italian poetry. Formerly they used only the *Ottave Rime*, until the beginning of the last century, when was introduced by Perfetti of Sienna the most celebrated Improvisatore of his time, the anacreontic measure, so called; and as it is much easier to compose in this, the *Ottave Rime* are almost supplanted; but a master even yet considers it as more conformable to the dignity of his art to use this last metre, in which only a very skilful and powerful genius can display itself with facility, and they employ the anacreontic measure merely on playful and trifling subjects. The sonnet is used only for impromptus, and an Improvisatore rarely uses this sort of rime for treating a profound subject, because it has too small a circle for the admission of more than a single thought.

The Improvisatore has a peculiar melody for every sort of metre, in which he half sings his verses, half recites them, and which is always pleasing and simple, and unites the more easily with any subject, because the music, as among the ancients, is entirely subservient to the poetry, and serves merely as an ornament and for the filling up the pauses which arise between the stanzas or single verses. The most of the melodies of this sort extant have been invented by celebrated improvisatori.

However difficult this art may be in itself, yet one thing is to be guarded against, not to associate with it additional impediments, which contribute nothing to its improvement or beauty, but only make it more difficult and more surprising; and not willingly to suffer chains to be laid upon a genius striving after honour and applause and certain of success, or rather to fasten them ourselves voluntarily from presumption, and because our victory under all these difficulties will be the more dazzling. Difficulties of this sort are a prescribed measure; a prescribed rime; a certain number of stanzas to which the proposed theme must be extended or compressed, &c. When, as is often the case, two Improvisatori sing alternately in *Ottave Rime*, it is a rule that the rime with which the one closes his stanza shall be taken by the other for the first line of his

verse without, however, using the same words. All these difficulties, with which this art is encumbered, could indeed be overcome in no language but in one like the Italian.

This art, which is as old as poetry itself, and among uncultivated people the first appearance of the dawning spirit of poesy, has preserved itself in Italy alone, after the revival of arts and knowledge; and has constituted, since that time, a peculiar branch of poetry, to which many devote themselves exclusively, and the exercise of which demands particular talents and a particular sort of study. He, who does not unite to the talent of poetry that extraordinary celerity of fancy, that elevated enthusiasm and warmth of feeling, by which the mind becomes easily transformed to that state, the description of which we have just read, may perhaps produce very excellent and very perfect verses at his desk; but, as an Improvisatore, he will never succeed. And, in fact, there are and have been many delightful poets in Italy destitute of that capacity which constitutes the peculiar property of an Improvisatore; and likewise others with this talent have been but indifferent poets, because they have neglected the culture of their minds.

April 27, 1807. W. M.

[*To be continued.*]

The Evil resulting from Reading not always chargeable on the Author.

SIR,

THE effects of reading are various. Much depends upon the state of mind in which a book is read; much upon the intellectual vigour of him who reads; and much upon the precision and perspicuity of the author's arrangement. Opinions delivered with negligence or obscurity will generally be perverted, and rendered subservient, as occasion shall require, either to the interests of virtue or vice. An author who uses vague expressions voluntarily subjects himself to the misrepresentations of ignorance and artifice and malevolence, and his labours, whatever they were, are often rendered abortive and ridiculous. But this is not all. The man who is thus negligent in adopting appropriate epithets to convey his meaning, is justly chargeable with a more serious evil. He, perhaps, generates new error, or confirms old. He awakens new ideas, but poisons them in their very birth. He excites sensations probably inimical to virtue, and opens innumerable sources of credulity and ignorance. It is also doubtful if he be not made to espouse principles diametrically opposite to his own; if he be not represented (as contrary passions shall suggest) at one time the champion of right, and at another the base defender of wrong. But these are only a part of the evils arising from such indolence of expression; many more might yet be enumerated, were it not foreign to the purpose of the present essay, the design of which is to ascertain, if possible, how far books may be considered as the corruptors of mankind; and, if they be so, what degree of blame ought reasonably to be attached to their authors?

It is supposed that every man who sits down to read, acts from voluntary impulse; it is neither the effect of imperious command nor servile condescension. The author he adopts for perusal is probably chosen from a multitude of others, and he proposes to himself to investigate his reasonings, to penetrate his obscurities, to detect his errors, and to admit only such arguments as are at least plausible. But, in forming this resolution, he forgets the difficulties he has to encounter. He forgets that vigilance may be sometimes laid asleep by a shew of purity, and that perseverance may be intimidated by intricate reasonings and minute deductions. He forgets that error seeks clouds and obscurity to eject her reasonings from, that false ideas easily spring up in the mind, and that in proportion to the increase of difficulty will be found our willingness to admit.

Much has been advanced concerning the effects of books. While some consider them as certain and invariable, others regard them as depending upon accidental causes, and upon the state of mind in which they are read. Of this latter opinion is a celebrated modern writer, and of this opinion I must confess myself to be. I do not absolutely declare, that no book considered in itself is either virtuous or vicious, and that these attributes arise from the particular constitution and

fabric of human sentiment and affection; but I certainly think that less is fairly chargeable to the author than is generally believed.

In our choice of books we act from no constraint. Our minds follow their own bias, and feed upon what is most grateful to them. The amorist seizes with avidity the lascivious Ovid, reads him by day and by night, familiarizes himself with the precepts inculcated, and perhaps makes them the standard of his conduct. The same author, in the hands of the rigid moralist, pleases only from its fiction; and, while he admires the art displayed in describing, he rejects with disgust the obscenity of the ideas. He feels their beauties considered in themselves, but suffers no contamination from their immorality. Here then are two different effects produced by one cause. Can they be accounted for rationally, unless by the complectional difference of the persons who read him? That granted, Ovid must certainly stand acquitted of all opprobrium on his part. In fact, it appears to me highly unjust to censure an author alone for the ill consequences which his book may produce. They are most assuredly attributable more to his reader than himself. The former, in buying, retaining, and perusing his work, incurs the only blame, it being optional in him, and enforced in no manner whatever. It is well observed by the poet, that

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."
> *Pope, Ess. on Man. Ep.* 11, *v.* 217.

This is strictly just; for displayed in her own true light, we cannot but detest. Yet, by frequently beholding her, she grows less repulsive, and, in time, we learn to endure her from a natural propensity of the human kind to depravity. To be virtuous is an arduous task, and requires perpetual immolations to friendship, love, and every social tie; but still her empire, when once firmly established, is productive of so many intellectual gratifications, is so consentaneous with the ideas of futurity, is so expressive of divinity, and so elevates and purifies the soul, that few, if any, can be persuaded to abandon her decisions and enlist themselves under the banners of her antagonist. A mind must therefore be previously contaminated, which can extract poison from the book which it reads. It must be totally exposed to every contingent evil, and unassisted by any antecedent principles of virtue; and its ratiocinative powers strangely obscured. The reason is obvious; for, though error may sometimes envelop herself in clouds and mystery, yet it rarely happens they are so impenetrable as to defy all attempt to pierce their obscurity; and, though accumulated difficulties may intimidate enterprise, yet perseverance will generally reap the harvest of its labours. The foundations on which error builds her reasonings are ever hollow and unstable, endangered by the minutest investigation of truth, and fades into air before the full beams of her celestial mirror. It is greatly owing to our own indolence, credulity, or previous contamination, if we rise from the perusal of any book infected with vicious principles. We read and we may reflect; we may proceed with caution and precision; we are hurried on by no impulse, as in discourse; we may contemplate, in every point of view, the positions laid down by our author; if they be false, we have leisure to detect their fallacy, and in that case to reject them. Here are large discretionary powers, and adequate perhaps to any task proposed them, if vigorously employed. Let us not then blame those authors for evils not proceeding immediately from them. Let us not stigmatize unjustly their works. Let us not decry them as the pests of society. Let us be candid, and, before we rashly consign to eternal obloquy the elaborate result perhaps of painful and philanthropic study, consider whether our decisions be just, whether we have not in them been swayed by prejudice, or the overweening power of popular opinion. Such an examination vigorously pursued might tend to establish in our bosoms a more equitable principle; if widely disseminated, would infallibly prove of the highest importance to mankind and morality.

To these remarks suffer me, Mr. Editor, to add a few more upon a subject not altogether foreign to the present topic. Criticism, while it appeared as the 'muse's handmaid',

was certainly a generous and noble employment. While she 'dressed her charms and made her more beloved', there was certainly nothing in my opinion in which an exalted mind could more delight. But these ends are now defeated by the long established mode of petty cavillings and mean aspersions. There is no mind, perhaps, wholly free from this infection: and its obstinate continuance may, I think, in a great measure, be attributed to the security which the critic enjoys. He is exempt from reply, for he is unknown, and his formidable objections are loaded with merciless fury upon the unhappy delinquent, whom publication has exposed to his censure. Arrogant and assuming, he reprobates with severity the minutest deviation, and views, with the microscopic eye of criticism, the turn of a phrase or the arrangement of a sentence. If he be himself an author, and consequently no stranger to critical despotism, the result is the same; if he be not, the evil is aggravated. For, in that case, his ignorance, which is perhaps equal to his pride, suffers no check, but persuaded that what is above his narrow comprehension must be *stupid, incoherent, heterogeneous, absurd*, &c.; he consigns it to that oblivion which his meretricious reputation empowers him to effect. In either case the situation of an author exposed to such investigations is truly lamentable, for it is no uncommon thing to observe in their decisions keen caustic contempt joined with sarcastic ridicule. Surely this is a disgraceful perversion of the true ends of criticism, and can afford but little exultation to a mind embued with the smallest tincture of generosity or candour. It has besides in it something of brutality, which can delight in thus crushing the modest pretensions of youth and genius, which would perhaps attain the highest perfection, if judiciously stimulated by praise. It is observed by Hume, (Essays, Vol. I. p. 123), that "a writer is animated with new force when he hears the applauses of the world for his former productions; and, being roused by such a motive, he often reaches a pitch of perfection which is equally surprising to himself and to his readers." And he afterwards adds, "The ignorance of the age alone could have given admission to the *Prince of Tyre*; but it is to that we owe the *Moor*: had *Every man in his Humour* been rejected, we had never seen *Volpone*." It is certain, that nothing so effectually nurtures genius as praise well administered; it excites emulation, invigorates despondency, and stimulates to attempts which unqualified censure would have destroyed.

Another ill consequence arises, I apprehend, from the critic's obscurity. No man is, perhaps, so at variance with the world as to be altogether reckless of its opinion and esteem. We would all be acknowledged as possessing some peculiar virtue, or perhaps every one; and, it must be confessed, there are none which more endear a man than candour and generosity. These establish a principle of mutual obligation between men, and form perhaps one of the strongest links of social union. But these are virtues which the critic, from his secrecy, is in no manner compelled to exert, and it very rarely happens that he does exert them. This will appear when we consider the manner in which he examines an author and reports him to the public. A faultless piece is neither to be expected, nor can be performed. A work will inevitably have either some redundancies of expression, some jingle of words, some fallacies in argument, or some asperities of diction. These, however, in an extensive work cannot justly be deemed faults, if estimated by the sufficiency of human power, and still less so if they be but thinly disseminated through a work of real worth or genius. But these, wherever they are to be found, the critic industriously collects, affixes to them their appropriate reproof or ridicule, and exhibits *them* as the constituent parts of the production he criticises. These generally produce an uniform effect, the public (who pay too much deference to these ill-conducted tribunals) are unanimous in their opinions thus adopted, and the poor wretch beholds perhaps the work of years, the elaborate result of painful and laborious study, swept away at once.

ATTALUS.

On Painted Glass.

SIR,

OBSERVING, in your interesting Magazine for February last, that, in describing the east window of Guildhall, which has lately been finished with painted glass, you say that "this performance proves the complete restoration of an art so highly esteemed, and which has been for so long a series of years lost to the world as to be thought irrecoverable." Now, as that is not the case, (and if you had taken the pains to have enquired of Messrs. Anness and Co. with whose performances you appear well acquainted, I doubt not they would have convinced you of your mistake, though the art of painting on glass has sometimes lain dormant), I shall beg leave to shew, with your permission, that from the period of the reformation to the present day, there has been a regular succession of artists, who have been in a continual and progressive state of improvement.

When painted glass was first introduced into this country, which is supposed to have been about the time of King John, it consisted of different coloured glass, joined together in some sort of design, the lead joinings forming the harsh outline. The designs were either mosaic, legendary tales, or scripture histories, generally very ill chosen, and worse executed; which, bad as it was, gave a solemn and venerable air to places of worship, and was much encouraged till the time of Henry VIII. when many of the painted windows were destroyed or greatly mutilated. The best of this ancient work, now remaining, is supposed to be in King's College chapel, Cambridge. The adherents of Cromwell were no less inimical to the art, and from that time to the commencement of the present reign, painted glass was but little sought for; and, in consequence so little attended to by artists, that it was by many thought to be lost; but that the fact was not so, the following account of those artists who were painters on glass, and the places where their works are, or were within a few years past, to be found, will prove beyond all doubt.

The first interruption given to this art, as I have just observed, was by the reformation, which banished it out of our churches; yet it was, in some measure, kept up in the escutcheons of the nobility and gentry in the windows of their seats. Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth, it was omitted even there, yet the practice did not entirely cease. The chapel of our lady at Warwick was ornamented anew by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his countess, and the cypher of the glass painter's name yet remains with the date 1574; and, in some of the chapels at Oxford, the art again appears, under the date 1622, by the hand of no contemptible master. Many dates on Flemish glass will supply a chasm of forty-eight years; but, though the secret was not entirely lost, yet it lay dormant till the latter end of the reign of James I. and that it has not perished since, will be evident from the following series reaching to the present time:

The portraits in the windows of the library at All Souls' college, Oxford.

In the chapel of Queen's College, twelve windows, the date 1518.

P. C. a cypher, on the painted glass in the chapel at Warwick, 1574.

The windows of Wadham College; the drawing pretty good, and the colours fine, by Bernard Van Linge, 1622. This artist was a Fleming, and is supposed to have settled in England, though there is no proof of it, about the middle of the reign of James I. He was the father of glass painting, in its renewed and improved state in this country. The subjects at Wadham College exhibit the types and history of our Saviour, for which the donor, according to tradition, gave 1500l.

In the chapel at Lincoln's-Inn, a window with the name of Bernard, 1623, probably the preceding Van Linge.

In the chapel at Wroxton, subjects from the Bible, by Bernard Van Linge, 1632.

In the church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, two windows by Baptista Sutton, 1634.

In Christ Church, Oxford, by Abraham Van Linge. He was probably the son of the former, and by his numerous and extensive works must have resided in England. It is fair to conjecture that we owe to him the

continuance of this fascinating art, under the auspices of Charles I. who gave a charter to the artists. At Christ Church he finished the subjects of Jonah, Sodom and Gomorrha, and Christ with the Doctors, with the several dates, 1631, 1634, and 1640. Philip and the Eunuch, at Baliol, in 1637; twelve compartments of a window at Hatfield, and a window at Wroxton; Lord Guilford's in Oxfordshire; the Resurrection, at Queen's College, 1635; and windows at University College and Lincoln's-Inn chapel, 1641; with another at Peter House, Cambridge. This artist leaving England, or dying, (for we have no account of either) the secret of glass painting again lay dormant; for those who were employed to refit the mutilated windows after the restoration were incapable of any original work.

The east window in the chapel at University College. Henry Giles, pinxit, 1687. This is the first evidence that occurs of any good artist after the Restoration. The painter, Henry Giles, lived at York, and appears to have established a school of glass-painting in that city, which continued its reputation for more than a century. Of this school were William Price the elder and younger, and William Peckitt, all of whom will be mentioned hereafter.

At Christ Church, Isaac Oliver, aged 84, 1700. This is a small window, and is a singular curiosity; it represents St. Peter and the Angel. As a work of merit, it will attract notice, and there are grounds for conjecture that this artist was connected with the inimitable miniature painters, who were patronised by Lord Arundel, and who gave so much lustre to the age of Charles I.

William Price, the elder, was the most able scholar and successor of Henry Giles; and he acquired fame by his paintings of the Nativity, after Sir James Thornhill, at Christ Church, in 1696. He then stained the Life of Christ in six compartments, in Merton chapel, in 1702, for which he received 200l. This performance loses much of its beauty and effect by having each compartment inclosed in a frame of glaring yellow glass, which was a mere conceit, and certainly an unsuccessful experiment. His brother, Joshua Price, restored with great success the windows at Queen's College, originally done by Abraham Van Linge, which had been broken by the Puritans. The present date is 1715. The chiaro-scuro figures of the Apostles and Prophets in the chapel at Magdalen college are by his hand.

William Price, the younger, was employed for the windows in Westminster Abbey, which were voted by parliament, and were put up in 1722 and 1735. For the chapel at Winton College he stained a window of the Genealogy of Christ; and several at the New College, Oxford, which he had procured from Flanders, originally taken from designs by Rubens and his scholars, were in a great degree made perfect by him. Bishop Benson procured by his hand the subject of the Resurrection for the window of his own private chapel, in the palace at Gloucester. But his chief merit was in his designs and arrangement of mosaic, of which there are many specimens at Strawberry-hill, which are examples of skill and taste. The Herbert family, in a closet at Wilton, after the costume of the earlier centuries, are by his hand. He died at his house in Great Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, July 16, 1765. He was esteemed the most ingenious glass painter in Europe, and was the only artist in this style for many years in England.

After him, a man of the name of Rowell, a plumber, of Reading, did some things, particularly for the late Henry Earl of Pembroke, but his colours soon vanished. At length, he found out a very beautiful and durable red, but he died in a year or two and the secret with him.

Of the school established at York was William Peckitt, whose proficiency was inferior to that of his predecessors, and who produced only an extreme brilliancy of colours. Between the years 1765 and 1777, he finished the windows on the north side of the chapel at New College with arbitrary portraits of the canonized worthies of the church. In 1767, he put up at Oriel College a window of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, from a design of Dr. Wall of Worcester, a physician who

amused himself with painting. In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, he painted a window from a design of Cipriani, the subject of which is the British Minerva presenting Bacon and Newton to his present Majesty. It has one hundred and forty square feet of glass, and cost 500l.

In this reign a new style of staining glass has originated, which is the boast and peculiar invention of our own artists. The deviation from the hard outline of the early Florentine or Flemish schools to the correct contour of Michelagnolo, or the gorgeous colours of Rubens, is not more decidedly marked than the design and execution of the Van Linges and Prices, and the masterly performances of Jarvis. This artist, who died about the year 1800, was first distinguished for exquisitely finishing small subjects. At Lord Cremorne's villa, at Chelsea, is the most complete collection of his early works, consisting of about twenty pieces. The interior of Gothic chapels and castles is exhibited with rays of sunshine, producing the richest effect.

In priority of excellence, if not of time, the first of Jarvis's work is the great western window of the chapel at New College, Oxford. This admirable specimen of art was completed in 1787, and the total expense of the upper compartment was 1108l. and of the lower 820l. The design was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is divided into two parts.

Another fine work of Jarvis, associated with his most successful pupil Forest, is the great eastern window in St. George's chapel at Windsor. The subject, which was designed by West, is the Resurrection; and it is disposed in three grand compartments.

Beside this, Forest finished three other windows, which add to the late embellishments of that singularly elegant chapel; the designs for which are likewise by West, and are dated 1792, 1794, and 1796.

In 1776, Pearson stained the chapel window of Brazennose College, Oxford, from cartoons by Mortimer, of Christ and the four Evangelists. His wife, Mrs. Pearson, discovered an equal genius, and they jointly executed numerous small pieces of very great merit. One of the most correct and beautiful of them, the Aurora of Guido, is now at Arundel Castle.

Of modern proficients in this exquisite art, one of the most eminent was Mr. Francis Eginton, of Handsworth, near Birmingham. His excellence was progressive, and his industry duly encouraged. Magdalen College, Oxford; Salisbury and Lichfield cathedrals; Arundel castle; St. Paul's church, Birmingham; Wanstead church, Essex; and various others, contain specimens equally honourable to his industry, to his taste, and to his abilities. A catalogue of his works would fill several pages of your Magazine; but, as I have already occupied more space than I intended, you will probably spare me in some future number a little room for its insertion, especially as it will tend to make this account more perfect than it can otherwise possibly be.

I am, &c.

J. S.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

[*Continued from page* 415.]

IN truth God Almighty made the elements out of nothing, and all other natural productions what they are, in his infinite wisdom and goodness; and they who curiously examine how, and with what particles, and in what manner, they might be made, &c. will find nothing, and will be happy if they find out their own ignorance, and it be not hid from them covered by their pride and presumption. I mean not, that chymical or other experiments are blameable in themselves, by which many things have been found out very useful, as well as some very pernicious; but if such experiments are used to the impious end for which Polignac says Epicurus contrived his vacuum, viz. that a cause might not be assignable to it. Indeed this doctrine of supposing every natural body of every kind as composed of particles does not please me; it certainly is a relique of Epicurism; for as every particle of matter, though ever so small, is infinitely more than nothing, and the creation of the least of them therefore an infinite effect; and an infinite effect requires an infinite cause, therefore less than Omnipotence could not create the least of them: it is there-

fore more worthy the dignity of Almighty God's infinite majesty, and more consonant to the holy scriptures to believe, that he created the elements as a whole, though of such a nature as by their operations on each other, their divisions, and concretions, to accomplish the purpose of his divine wisdom; so that the particles of divided matter are the work of natural causes, according as he has adapted them; yet by him, through him, and in him. The magnitude of the works he performed as first cause being sufficiently set forth in the first and second chapter of Genesis, and to these the Aristotelians attribute a substantial form, since it is impossible that a man can be constituted a man, or a horse a horse, by any assemblage of atoms whatsoever, unless perhaps by Democritus his rational and intelligent atoms above-mentioned. They therefore expressed the nature and constitution of the animals, vegetables, &c. created and made by the particular agency of the first cause, each in their several kinds, by the words substantial form, as all beyond that exceeded the bounds of human understanding.

I request that it be noted, when I speak of any thing as being done or happening by natural causes, that I precisely understand by nature the mode and economy which God Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, has established for the preservation of what he has created and fitted for the purposes of his divine will, either in themselves or the conservation and propagation in kind and species of every thing that lives or vegetates, with their proper acts and habits conducive to those ends.

It is said, in the history of the creation, that God made every twig of the field before it grew, and in the book of wisdom that he created all things at once. Thus the holy scripture informs us of what constant experience testifies that all vegetable nature was first created in the germ or seed, and therefore are only developed and unfolded, and attain their natural growth, and thence decay in succeeding days, years, and ages, till the end of time. We must therefore suppose, that as man was created the sixth day, the growth of the trees, &c. in Paradise, if not elsewhere, was miraculously hastened by the divine power. This was indeed a miracle as the creation of the world itself was; yet the formation of the seed or germ of all trees and plants; so that all trees and plants that have been, are, or might have been in the world, or even innumerable worlds, to the end of time, were all created in the first seed or germs of each kind, is a consideration which astonishes imagination, and seems like infinity multiplied, and to exceed the power of numbers in a graduated minuteness far beyond our comprehension. The same may be observed in the generation of all that lives. But all this is the ordinary course of nature, at which nobody wonders. Yet, in truth, God Almighty has made every thing in number, weight, and measure, according to its kind, all accidents considered; for one calf in a year is as sufficient for the cow for preserving the species, and even for increase, as perhaps ten or fifteen millions of eggs for the cod-fish. Neither are these wonderful provisions for the conservation and increase of animals and vegetables to be deemed infinite, no more than the extent and number of the heavens and heavenly bodies: for, as the royal prophet says, The heavens tell forth the glory of God, and the firmament the works of his hands. But thou shalt change them and they shall be changed, and they shall all grow old as a garment, but thou art the self same and thy years shall not fail. When the heavens grow old and are changed, all things must end of course. Nor must the growth and attainment of perfection and subsequent decay of all things be attributed to any other efficient cause but to God alone. For in him we live, we move, and have our being, as says St. Paul; and again, From Him all things, and by Him all things, and in Him all things. From Him all things—in their creation, production, formation. By Him all things—in their operations, motions, powers and faculties. In Him all things—in their subsistence, duration, or continuance during His good will and pleasure.

But to return to my intermitted subject; laying aside Descartes, his hypothesis of elementary air and fire,

I shall, with due deference to him, whom I esteem as well as Sir Isaac Newton, a man of great genius and respectability, but yet but man, describe my own conceptions concerning fire and its conservation in that fountain of light and heat—the sun. Fire is generally esteemed and numbered as one of the elements, and is certainly worthy of as great honour, as being not only very useful in general but of absolute necessity to the existence of animal, vegetable, nay, and universal corporeal nature; at least to conserve it in its present state, it being also the only thing visible in itself, and by which all other things are seen. Yet it seems to be rather the result of the motion and collision of the other elements, either against themselves or each other, than a permanent and distinct element of itself; but that it is an element universally distributed, as well in the frozen regions of the poles as elsewhere, I see no reason to believe.

It seems most generally believed, that heat is always caused by either latent or visible fire; but, on the contrary, I am fully persuaded that heat and air are constantly the cause of fire in its production, and, as all natural productions are conserved and receive their growth and perfection from the same causes that produced them, so fire also is continued and receives its increase from the same causes of heat and air. This plainly appears when fire is caused by violent friction; as in the method of the Indians in kindling their fire, by twistering a peg of soft wood between their two hands, within a hole of another piece of like wood, till a heat being gradually produced by the violence of the friction at length is increased to a sufficient intensity to set them on fire.

VELLEIUS PROFUTURUS

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions: which, either too minute, or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number, the adventures of Robin Hood, of Chevy Chace, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong among the English; of Kaul Derey among the Irish, and Creighton among the Scots, are instances. The most remarkable one, I ever heard, is one still current in Flanders, a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they tell them to behave like Bidderman the wise. It is, by no means, however, a model to be set before polite people for imitation; since, on the one hand, if we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism; we, on the other hand, find as strong a desire of revenge. But to wave introduction, let us proceed to the story. When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman among the rest became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he, for some time, lived in a wretched state of dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love for his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy or perish in the attempt. Thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to revolt.

Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage than attempt to assert their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether from information or suspicion was not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier, as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal where he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory; he could produce no friends to vindicate his character. But as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the ut-

most rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post; the executioner seeming to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he had received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other only, redoubling his blows, cried out 'Does the villain murmur?' If Bidderman only entreated one moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, 'Does the villain murmur?'

From this period, revenge as well as patriotism took possession of his soul; his fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But, conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige his new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and, by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market place.

As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was to suffer, Bidderman undertook this, to him, agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as might be most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming upon the scaffold and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand, he approached the criminal, and, whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that, to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

'O my countrymen,' cried the criminal, 'do you hear what this man says?' 'Does the villain murmur?' replied Bidderman, and immediately at one blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governor of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house, adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the dirt in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means, at last he made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy to betray it. The opportunity at length offered, the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they looked on as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage abovementioned he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

LORD NORTH.

FEW public characters have in their fate resembled this nobleman, who while in power was loaded with opprobrium by the very persons who have since commended his dispositions and eulogized his memory! Of such a minister, and who once filled so important a space in the eyes of mankind, the few following connected particulars cannot be deemed uninteresting.

"When I call to mind," writes Mr. Cumberland,* "the hours I

* See the Supplement to his Memoirs, pp. 33, &c. 4to.

passed with Lord North, in the darkness of his latter days; there was such a charm in his genius, such a claim upon my pity in the contemplation of his sufferings, that even then, lacerated as I was in my feelings, I could not help saying, within myself, 'The *minister* has wronged me, but the *man* atones!' His house, at Tunbridge-Wells, was in the Grove: one day he took my arm, and asked me to conduct him to the parade upon the pantiles.—'I have a general recollection of the way,' he said; 'and if you will make me understand the posts upon the foot path, and the steps about the chapel, I shall remember them in future.' I could not lead 'blind Gloster' to the cliff! I executed my affecting trust, and brought him safe to his family; the ministering and mild daughter of *Tiresias* received her father from my hands.——I do not know the person, to whose society a man of sensibility might have given himself with more pleasure and security than to that of Lord North; for his wit never wounded, and his humour never ridiculed: he was not disposed to make an unmerciful use of the power which superiority of talents endowed him with, to oppress a weaker understanding: he had great charity for dullness of apprehension, and a pert fellow could not easily put him out of patience; there was no irritability in his nature. To his acquaintance and friends, he was all complacency; to his family, all affection: he was generous, hospitable, open-handed, and loved his ease infinitely too well to sacrifice any portion of it to a solicitude about money.

"The vivacity of his natural parts was strikingly contrasted by the heaviness of his appearance: in this particular, and in some others, he would occasionally remind me of (Bubb) Doddington.———He bore his part in conversation, and introduced his anecdotes to the full as appositely as Doddington, but I confess he did not set them off with quite the same advantages of manner. They had both the like propensity of slumbering in company with their ears open, and their wits wide awake; which had a very curious effect when the flash broke out on the sudden in the midst of somnolency, as if the mind had kept watch while the body took a nap.*

"When Lord North lost his sight, he appeared to enjoy a vivid recollection of the pictures he had stored in his memory from men and books; and I have reason to think that, when he ceased to search for fresh supplies, he became the more liberal in dispensing the stock he had in hand, and that was in no danger of being exhausted. He repeatedly expressed a wish to me, that some young man of education might be found, whose business it should be to read to him,

* That Lord North, however, sometimes really was asleep, and dreaming instead of listening, the following interesting anecdote, recorded by the 'Annual Review,' fully evidences. Mr. Cumberland will not, we feel assured, be disposed to take umbrage at its being here introduced.

"Once on a time," says an Annual Reviewer, "Mr. Cumberland invited himself to read to his lordship (Lord North), and the ladies of the family, a piece he had been preparing for the stage. Lord North parried the proposal, as long as it was consistent with good manners so to do. An evening [at length] was fixed, and the reading commenced. My lord availed himself of his constitutional infirmity—to drop asleep; but awoke, almost instantaneously, with a profusion of courtly excuses, and many a dire anathema against his lethargic tendency. The poet admitted the plea, himself, in turn, apologizing for the mere explanatory dullness of a first act: yet he could not help flattering himself that the attention of the company would be awakened, and their interest excited, by the progress and development of the plot. The drowsy fit still returned at intervals: but unfortunately, in one of the most important scenes, on which the whole seemed to hinge, his lordship took it into his head to dream. He fancied himself in his place, in the house; and most provokingly vociferated 'Question? question? question?' with such pertinacity and strength of lungs, as completely to overpower the argument of the play, and the gravity of the little audience."—*See the A. R. vol. 4, p. 533.*

and live an inmate in his family. I observed to him, that there were many to be found in either university, of whom he might make choice: but the man who had for so many years been minister of this country, confessed to me that his means were too scanty to provide for that establishment!"

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!!

IT is the duty of the philosopher and the philanthropist to soften the rigours and calamities of war. If the work of mutual slaughter and destruction be imposed upon mankind as a necessary evil, it becomes the wisest and best of us to endeavour to check the spreading of such calamities as are universally acknowledged to be the attendants and followers of the god of arms.

It must afford considerable satisfaction to the well-formed mind of every Englishman to observe, that those opprobrious epithets and rancorous revilings directed against the chief ruler of France, and which so frequently filled the columns of some of our newspapers, are now disused and discouraged. They never honour the best and strongest cause, but sometimes disgrace the worst and weakest. The conduct which is here so justly condemned, is never adopted with policy towards any man or country with whom we are in hostility; towards France it is with still less, since it is impossible but we must have great intercourse with that neighbouring country whenever the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants are realized. Besides, it must be confessed that, in the article of good-breeding *(bienseance)*, France has never, until the revolution, been deficient. Whatever injury the French may intend their enemies, they employ no abusive language against them; and it is no discredit to us to remember the trite quotation *ab hoste doceri*. Since the late revolution, indeed, the tone of the modern French publicists has been a good deal changed from what it was in the polished days of Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth: they have neither imitated the stile nor the moderation of the civilian Puffendorf; still less have they respected the sentiments of the celebrated Vattel, whose treatise on the rights of nations and the principles of natural law, as applied to the conduct of nations and of sovereigns, cannot be too well understood by those to whom the *volo* and *veto* of peace and war are referred.—There are many who wrongly conceive that to make a war popular, it is necessary not only to vilify an enemy, but to belye him. In the less polished, or, in other words, in the barbarous age of Rome, its citizens might find it their interest to represent their enemies as the vilest of mankind; but modern policy dictates a different behaviour, even to the most inveterate of our foes. We are glad to see the Emperor Napoleon relax from the severity of his own resolves, by allowing so many of our countrymen to return to their native home and afflicted friends. It is true it may be said, that these are persons who have not born arms against the French; and that their liberation has been obtained through the connexion and intercourse of Sir Joseph Banks with certain members of the National Institute. Be it so; it is equally a proof of the advantages of cherishing an interchange of sentiment and good offices between the philosophical and enlightened part of both nations. It has been affirmed by the journals of France (no doubt from the representation of the captives themselves), that we have exercised too rigorous a caution towards the French who are detained on board our prison-ships; among whom it is said are several general and field officers, and merchants, who have not been allowed to go on shore, for the benefit of their healths, during twelve or even eighteen months.

An enquiry into this complaint is to be recommended; for it is consonant to the generous spirit of an Englishman to err on the charitable side.—Hospitality is one of the characteristics of our countrymen; and he would rather be first to set the example of its exercise than to follow it. If, too, a treaty of peace should be entered upon, which it is not improbable may soon be the case, no person can say what advantages we may derive by prepossessing and attaching the public opinion of both countries to the liberal and magnanimous deportment of

our government. We are persuaded no fault can be imputed to the transport board; but its members cannot always be apprised of every circumstance that deserves their peculiar attention.

These suggestions are offered, Mr. Editor, to you and the public consideration, not merely as being those of a citizen of the world, but as a British patriot, whose knowledge of the present sentiments of the two nations concerned in them, entitles him to judge of the mutual advantages which may arise from reciprocal concessions and civilities.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
YRREP.

KOTZEBUE'S NOVELLETTES.

HAVING promised to our readers a continuation of Kotzebue's Novellettes, we shall now perform it; only observing that, from the necessity of including some articles for the Review department previously to the close of the present volume, we have transferred it from thence, and it now makes a part of our miscellaneous articles.—The following, entitled *The Pigeon*, will be found particularly attractive.

"On the opposite side of the Rhine, lies a village, which was my birth place. My father, who was a rich peasant, died about two years ago. I was his only daughter. When I was little, Fritz was little."

"Fritz—who is Fritz?"

"That is my husband here. When we were both children, we loved each other—and when it was fair time in our village, his parents used to come over to us, and I always saved a piece of the best cake for him; and when it was vintage with them, he used to save the finest bunch of grapes for me. So it went on, until I was confirmed, when our parents had a dispute. My father always kept a large pigeon house, and the pigeons used to go in flights over the Rhine, and eat Fritz's father's corn. At first he spoke to my father about it in a neighbourly friendly manner; but after having repeated this several times, and the grievance still continued, he became angry—my father also became angry. Much ill-nature passed between them, and one day, when our pigeons were gone to feast again upon his corn, he took his gun and shot in among the thickest of them. He repeated it on the second and third day. My father and I looked after our pigeons, but they were not to be found. I cried very much, for I was very fond of them; and as I went up to the pigeon house, I found two young ones with scarcely any feathers on them, and now without a mother. What will become of them? thought I, and carrying them down into my chamber, laid the poor little things into warm wool, and fed them myself. One died, but the other was healthy, and grew large, and because it was an only one, had no friend but myself. I loved it as well as all the rest put together.

"I was really angry with Fritz's father, but not with him: for, thought I, Fritz is good, and would not have done it."

"That was true," interrupted Fritz, "for I said to my father, that I would rather never eat white bread again, than that the good Christal should have a moment's pain; but my father laughed, and shot at the pigeons."

"Yes," continued the wife, "he shot, and my father complained of him to the magistrates, and they had a law-suit about it, which cost each of them as much money as would have bought all the pigeons along the banks of the Rhine; but money on either side would have been nothing, had not they become the bitterest enemies. The next fair, Fritz was not allowed to come over to us, and when it was vintage with them, I was obliged to stay at home. That was the first time I observed that I loved Fritz: for I would not have given a farthing for the whole vintage; it was only for Fritz's sake that I wished to go."

"We, however, contrived to see each other," observed Fritz. "I wish I had as many pistoles, as I have rowed over the stream times. I remember once, when I had not seen Christal for three days, on account of the ice, I could bear it no longer; but springing into my boat, recommended myself to God, and began to row over. Christal stood on the opposite shore, and made a signal that I should go back; but I thought she made a signal that I should come on. Her father

came and dragged her away; so that I was obliged to return disappointed and out of heart, with my rudder broken. I ventured, however, another time; and although Christal scolded me for my rashness, I was glad to see she was not at all displeased with me."

"No," said the wife, "I was not displeased with him, but I would rather not have seen Fritz for a month than that he should have run into such danger. My father, however, discovered that I saw him sometimes; he gave me a slap in the face, and threatened to horse-whip me if ever I cast my eyes on Fritz again; but that was of no use; he came twice a week, and always staid until he got to see me. I knew I should always see him at church. He used always to sit near the font, and when he stood up with his hat before his eyes to say the Lord's Prayer, I always saw that he cast his eye towards our pew, and gave me a look of love."

"Indeed," said the peasant, "I went to your church only to see you; but I used often to say, that the parson of your village preached better than ours, and that he spoke more to the heart; yet it was your black eyes which spoke most to my heart. I hated your parson on account of his son; you know what I mean, wife."

"How should I do otherwise: The parson's son was a young fop, and was following me every where. He had studied, and could even make verses. He used to compare my eyes to all sorts of stones, and my neck to all sorts of flowers and animals. Give yourself no trouble about me, said I, to him; but he never regarded me: for my father was a rich man, and his father was willing that we should become husband and wife. My father was also pleased with him as he was in favour with the prince, and likely to become a great man; and still more delighted with the idea of my being a parson's wife, and sitting finely dressed in the pew on a Sunday. But fine clothes and the best place at church are all nothing to me, if the heart be not content.

"The parson's son was a fine gentleman, who went with his hair finely powdered, and looked at me through a glass; but Fritz's brown hair and his dark and sparkling eyes were far dearer to me. I was obliged to suffer a great deal on account of my stubbornness, as they called it. The old parson used often to advise me to marry his son, in the same scolding tone with which he spoke in the pulpit. My father told me that if I would marry the young parson I should love him afterwards; but I knew that it would be better to marry Fritz, and then I should love him both before and after. However, the parson and my father comforted themselves with the thought of my being only a child, and that I should know better when I was older.

"During all this time Fritz had never said a word to me about love; but I always saw it in his eyes as clear as the sun at noon. If he looked round sharply, my heart began to beat, and I was forced to cast my eyes down on the ground. If he took hold of my hand, my cheeks would be as hot as a loaf just out of the oven.

"By this time my pigeon was become quite large, and ate out of my hand and mouth; when I went to walk she would go with me. I thought it was impossible to love her more, but since that I have loved her much more. I one day took a walk to the foot of the mountain, upon which stood the ruins of an old castle, which was only inhabited by owls and bats, and the thick round towers by nests of hawks.

"While I was wandering about and thinking on Fritz, I forgot my pigeon, who had followed me according to her custom. I began to look about and perceived a frightful hawk hovering over her; in the next instant it disappeared with her behind a hill—I shrieked aloud, trembled, and stood motionless with grief. I began at length to cry and complain against Fritz: for if I had not thought so much of him, I should not have so forgotten my pigeon. All on a sudden he appeared at the top of the hill with my pigeon in his hand, which he shewed me was alive and fluttered."

Peasant. "It was my custom to go to this old tower, and mount one of the walls, from whence I could see the whole village where Christal lived, and could see her sit knitting at her own door. When I saw her coming I got down, and reached the spot just time enough to save her pigeon, who

was not hurt, but only very much frightened; and as I heard Christal crying, I jumped up to the top of the hill, and held the pigeon by its feet that she might see it flutter."

Peasant's Wife. "I leaped and clasped my hands for joy; and when Fritz brought it to me he kissed me for the first time; but he kissed me so often that we again forgot the pigeon; but she was now grown shy, and would not go from my side. We sat down on the grass for at least two hours, and Fritz spoke to me about marriage, and how we should raise a farm for ourselves. It was time to separate before we perceived it. Fritz was melancholy, and wished me to give him the pigeon, that he might have something to keep that belonged to me. I must have loved him very much, for I gave him my pigeon—he pressed it to his heart, and smiling on it, said it was dearer to him than his life."

Peasant. "That she really was. I carried her about in my bosom; she eat from my hand, and slept in my bed."

Wife. "But as soon as Fritz opened the window she flew out and came back to me. When he came again he tried it once more, and finding that she always returned directly to me, he one day tied a ribbond round her neck, and fastened a letter to it for me. What a pleasure this was to me! I hugged and kissed the little creature, and would not have taken a whole flock of sheep for her. By degrees we formed a regular communication in this manner. He took it with him whenever he came to meet me, and sent it back the next day at a certain hour. When she came to my room window she pecked with her bill at the glass. I opened it, took off the letter, and then fed her with the corn which was always ready for her when she came.

"One day the young parson came to visit me; the weather was very fine, and we took our seats before the door. He chattered much about love, and as the air was sultry, I began to sleep; but as soon as I heard the clock strike the hour that my pigeon was to come, I was directly brisk and was going to my chamber, but my young parson would not let me go.—I sat upon thorns.

"He told me that he had observed a young peasant sneaking after me, and that he had also observed him giving me sly looks at church. 'I should be ashamed,' said he.—Here I grew so angry, that I jumped up, resolving to hear no more: he stood in my way, declaring I should not go; when, behold my pigeon came flying close to me—not having been able to get in at my window, she heard my voice and came and sat upon my shoulder I was terrified, and hastily pulling the string with the letter off its neck, put it into my pocket; but the parson had seen it. 'What was that?' asked he curiously; 'Nothing,' said I, angrily; but my red cheeks gave the lie to my words. He then became serious, and looked sharply at me; the more he looked the redder my cheeks grew.—'Ah! ha!' continued he, 'I see how it is.' 'What do you see?' said I; 'that you are more cunning than I thought you; but we shall have this affair looked into.' With these words he went away, giving me at the same time just such a look as a schoolmaster gives to a truant boy, whom he is going to punish. Let the fool think and believe what he likes, thought I. But this wicked man played me a spiteful trick. Fritz was now very unhappy, because my father had threatened me with nothing less than a curse if I would not give him up. He sent me a letter by my pigeon, in which he cursed the young man, complained of the cruelty of my father, and talked of throwing himself into the Rhine.

"The next time that I was to have a letter by my pigeon, I waited hour after hour, and no pigeon came. I grew melancholy. Fritz had never made me wait—why should he now? Has my pigeon met with any harm? That would be bad. Or is Fritz ill? O! that would be worse.

"I recollected having seen the young parson go with his gun through the village. Has the detestable man shot my pigeon? thought I to myself. Oh no, he preaches the word of God, and could not act in so cruel a manner. I had heard a gun fired during the time, but I knew that the princess was out on the chace, and always liked to ramble about our country; perhaps Fritz is gone upon the chace too.

To-morrow my pigeon will come, if not, I must wait patiently till the next day, then Fritz himself will come. Thus I tried to comfort myself; but it would not do. My father wondered why I eat no bacon-pancake, as I used to be so fond of it; and I myself was rather surprised, when the watchman came his rounds, that I had not been asleep.

"I was standing at our door, talking with our neighbour Greschens, when she cried out, 'See, see, Christal! what a fine coach comes driving through our village.' It was finely polished, and drawn by four white horses. The coachman and footman were finely dressed with silver lace, and as they drove through the village all the people came out to look at them. Greschens and I staid at the door to see who was sitting in the fine coach; but when it came up we saw it was empty.

"The coachman had stopped as if he wanted to ask something, and the people pointed towards us. 'What can he want?' said I, and before the words were out of my mouth, the carriage stopped at our door. 'Where does farmer Bergfeld live?' 'Farmer Bergfeld is my father,' said I.—'What did you want?'

"When the footman heard this, he got down and went directly in to speak to my father. He told him that the princess wished him to send his daughter Christal immediately to her. I was frightened, and my father stared. 'Does our princess know you?' said my father. 'I do not know,' said I. We knew not what to think, and the footman could tell us nothing.

"'Well,' said my father, after having given a dozen hems, 'you had better go directly to her highness. She is a very good and pious lady, and no harm can come to you.' I was by no means so satisfied of that as my father. I asked the servant if I should return in the evening, but he could not tell. I now thought that perhaps she might keep me until the next day. Then Fritz would come, and if he could not find me, how uneasy he would be; besides which, I should know nothing of my poor little pigeon. What could I do? I thought that in case of necessity I would tell the princess that I must go, because Fritz was waiting for me.

"I then washed myself quite clean at the well, went into my chamber, put on my best clothes, and was in the yard in a minute. I was quite ashamed that the fine footman should ride behind, and pressed him to come into the coach; but he refused it, laughing. We now drove off. Every bush and tree, which I knew so well when I walked, looked now so differently!

"When I had been about half an hour in the coach, the gentle motion making me quite sleepy, I began to nod, and was frightened enough when we suddenly stopped before a fine castle, where two grenadiers with great whiskers were walking up and down. There was a number of servants running here and there, and a great many cooks with white aprons. I was now to get out and go up the great steps; and when I got into the castle it sounded like a church. They carried me into a room that was full of men and great ladies, who carried some one thing and some another. In this chamber it smelt just like a spice-box, and the ceiling was painted with such fine paintings of ladies and dogs!

"When I had waited a little time in this room I was called up to the princess. As I went in, I was going to make a low curtesy, but I fell my length on the floor, which was as slippery and shining as ice. The princess laughed, but did not want me to see it; for she was a kind-hearted lady.

"'What is your name, child?' said she, when I got up.—'Christal Bergfeld.' 'How old are you?'—'Seventeen.' 'I have heard that you are a good girl, and I wish to provide for you.'—I made a curtesy. 'Would you like to be married?'—I blushed, and said 'Yes.' 'I am glad to hear it,' said the princess. 'I will seek out a worthy man for you.'—'Ah! that would be too much for your highness, and if your highness will let me I can find one for myself.' 'You have, perhaps, done that already.' I stood quite still, and became as red as crimson, for I thought of Fritz; but I did not speak a word, for I thought I must not name Fritz to a great princess. She now began to say a great deal about her butler: she told me I should live in the city, be dressed in fine silk clothes, and have every thing I wanted. A terror came over me; I could

not speak, but the tears ran down my cheeks.

"'What is the matter, my good girl,' said she, with a voice so soft and sweet, that it melted my heart. 'Certainly, you must be in love. Come, tell me every thing without fear.' She had now set me at liberty, and the words ran like a stream from my mouth; I did not keep back a single thought, and Fritz was my every third word. But to make it short—I told her that with her consent I would not marry any other man as long as I lived. I was much afraid she would be offended, but she was as kind when I had done speaking as when I began. 'Only think,' said she, 'if you marry my butler you will have no occasion to concern yourself about any thing; you will have your cook and your maid, and may sit the whole day with your hands in your lap; but if you marry Fritz, you must go into the kitchen, and make the fire and the soup yourself, and wash up the dirty things.'—'Oh,' said I, 'I shall be willing to do all that and much more, if I can but marry Fritz.' 'But do you think you understand what every good wife should know? Can you cook, bake, wash, and work at your needle?' 'O yes, your highness.' 'You are very certain; but if I were to try you, you do not know how to kill a fowl or a pigeon.'—'O yes, that I can do very well.' 'Well,' said she, turning to a handsome young gentleman, who stood behind, and had a silver shoulder-knot, 'go and fetch a pigeon and a knife for me.' He laughed waggishly and went out. 'Do not forget,' said she, 'that if you have boasted of more than you can do, you must marry my butler instead of Fritz.'—I smiled, and promised to marry him on the spot if I could not do it; but I lamented the beautiful floor, which would be spoiled by the blood.' 'That is no consequence,' said she, smiling; and as she spoke the young gentleman came in with the pigeon.——But oh! how frightened was I—It was my pigeon—I knew her at the first look; besides which, it had a little scroll on it with these words: *I am Fritz's pigeon; kill me not.* I stood stupified, looking first at the pigeon, then at the princess, and then at the young gentleman, who I saw could hardly help laughing; but the princess was quite grave. 'Come,' said she, 'let us see your skill,'—'I kill this pigeon!' and the tears came in o my eyes; 'I would rather your highness should cut off my own little finger.' I caressed my poor pigeon, and she caressed me; but I now saw that her wing was lamed, and becoming wild with grief, I forgot who I was, and where I was, and began to scold the barbarous man who I thought had done it. 'Come,' said the princess; 'why all this prattle? Will you kill the pigeon or not?'—'I would kill a hundred pigeons,' said I, 'but this one I cannot kill.' 'Then,' said she, 'you must marry the butler.'

"I looked sorrowfully at her to see if she were in earnest; but she put on a severe countenance, and commanded me to stay with her ladies of the bed-chamber until she should want me again. I was now to follow the young gentleman, but my poor pigeon was to stay with the princess. As he went with me he told me, that the day before the princess had been upon the hunt, and as she was riding home towards evening, near the Rhine, she suddenly heard a shot at no great distance from her. She looked about, and saw a pigeon fall among her attendants; and as it had a red ribbon round its neck with a letter, she took it into the carriage with her, and read the letter. The person who shot it was now near, and had on a blue coat with black buttons. He ran hastily out of the bush, and seemed very anxious to get the pigeon himself; but out of respect to the princess, he stood at a distance, with his hat in his hand

"'That is the wicked young parson,' said I, crying. The gentleman now brought me to a room full of fine ladies, who were very kind to me, and set coffee and sweetmeats before me; but I could neither eat nor drink. They told me, indeed, that my pigeon's lame wing had been bathed with balsam, and that she would not die; but my heart was full of sorrowful thoughts about the butler, and what would become of Fritz if they should force me to marry him. I told them I wished to go home; but they would not let me go. When night came I was put into a beautiful soft bed, but I could not sleep. While the ladies were

snoring around me, I prayed heartily; and, God forgive me, I sent forth many an ill wish against the parson.

"I was up with the sun, and sat crying at the window. The fine ladies laughed at me, and told me to take courage; but where should I get courage without Fritz? I staid there the whole day, and two days besides, and was almost in despair; but at length the young gentleman came again, and ordered me to go to the princess; but now, Fritz, you must tell me what happened to you in the mean time."

Peasant. "I rose in the morning joyful and good humoured, never dreaming of what had happened, and began to lave the water out of my boat, that I might go over to Christal. While I was doing it one of the princess's servants came up to me and asked my name. When I told him it was Fritz Heinemann, he commanded me to come directly to the princess, who wanted me. I thought he would make a fool of me, and I paid no regard to him; but he began to curse and to swear, and scarcely left me time to put on my Sunday coat. Willingly would I have delayed it till the next day, because I thought Christal would expect me, and I would rather that the princess should wait than Christal, for I had a great deal to say to her, and not a word to the princess. When we came to the castle I was carried into a large beautiful garden. There sat the princess at the top of an alley, on a seat that was painted green; at the bottom of the alley was a round summer-house, which they called a temple. I think I see it all now before me. I went bowing up to the princess, who had a great many ladies and gentlemen round her. 'What is your name,' said she.—'Fritz Heinemann.' 'I am glad of it,' said she, 'you are a fine lad—you are honest and industrious. I will give you a good woman for your wife.'—'Ah!' said I, 'I have already found one who is very good.' 'Indeed,' said the princess, 'but my butler's daughter is very handsome, and has money.'—'The one I have has also money, and is very handsome. I would run through the fire for her.' 'Will you tell me who this is that you have chosen?'—'Christal Bergfeld, an't please your highness, and I cannot marry any one else.' 'Indeed, but will she also marry you?'—'O yes, if her father would let her. 'You must try to serve her.'—'I love her, and she thinks that service enough.' 'Yes, for Christal, but not for her father. What, if I undertake to court for you?'—I made a bow. 'But I shall not do it gratis; you must serve three years as a soldier.'—'Oh! why not, I am not two-and-twenty, and Christal not seventeen.' They all laughed like so many fools, when I said this in the most sorrowful tone.

"'Then you will become a soldier, Fritz Heinemann?' continued the princess, 'but pray can you shoot?'—'O yes, that is no great art.' 'But can you shoot at a mark?'—'Yes, if the thing I am to shoot at be not too far off.' 'Will you promise to shoot a pigeon at the distance of twenty steps?' 'O yes.' 'Well, we shall see; but remember, if you do not shoot it Christal is not to be your wife.'—'That I agree to; only bring the pigeon.'

"The princess nodded to two servants, who went directly out, and in a short time came back again, one with a gun and the other with a pigeon, which he set upon a bush twenty steps from me. I threw down my hat, and levelled my gun; as I was looking at the pigeon to take my aim—My heavens! it looked like our pigeon. I flew to it like lightning. It was as I thought; round her neck was a piece of ribbon with the words—*Shoot me not, I am Christal's pigeon*, written on it.

"'Merciful heavens!' cried I, 'where do you come from, poor little pigeon?' 'That can make no difference to you,' cried the princess, 'only shoot.'—'No—I would rather have the eyes shot out of my head.' 'But have you not promised?'—'Yes, but I did not know it was Christal's pigeon! You must know that this poor pigeon would not have been alive, but would have been starved to death before it was fledged, if Christal had not fed it with her own hands; for this pigeon's mother was shot, with many more, by my father, for eating his corn; and my father and Christal's father had a great law-suit about it, and became great enemies; and as they would not let her and me see each other, then this pigeon used faithfully to carry my letters to her, and the good God

knows I would rather give the finest sheep in our flock if I dare only take it away with me.' I said all I could, but in vain; the princess was angry, and sent me to the guardhouse. There I staid three days. They let me want indeed for nothing, for I dined every day with the officer; but I was become as thin as a herring; for I was all day and all night thinking about what it could mean, and what Christal would think. At length they told me the princess wished to speak with me once more: but now, Christal, it is your turn to tell."

Wife. "The young gentleman who fetched me, took me directly to the place in the garden, which Fritz has told you about. There sat the princess with her whole court about her. I was put on one side, but she did not speak a word to me. I had not stood long before Fritz came in from the other side; and when we saw each other we gave a loud shriek, and should have flown into each other's arms had not respect for her highness kept us back. All the ladies and gentlemen held handkerchiefs and fans to their faces. I saw that they laughed, but I could not think at what: but the princess remained quite serious, and looked as if she were displeased. A footman brought our pigeon. She took it into her lap, called me to her, and asked me, 'Will you kill this pigeon or not?'—'Indeed I cannot,' said I, while the tears ran down my cheeks; 'my hands would tremble, and my heart would break.' 'Then,' said she, 'I give you my butler for a husband;' as she said this she shewed me a little bandy-legged man, who stood near me and made me a very kind bow.

"'Dear sir,' said I, 'do not marry me, for I love Fritz, and I foretel that no good can come of it.'

"'There is still a way left,' said the princess, turning to Fritz; who, during this time had torn a large piece out of his hat, 'if the young man will keep his promise of serving three years as a soldier, and shooting this pigeon directly to prove to us that he can shoot at a mark.'—'That he will not,' said I hastily, 'I am sure he will not do it.' 'Just as he pleases,' said the princess; 'if he will not do it, his wife stands near him.' Fritz was frightened, turned round, and saw a great hideous-looking woman, who attempted to smile lovingly upon him, but only looked the more frightful. 'Fritz,' said the princess, 'what will you do? Whom will you marry?'—'What is the use of your highness's asking? I will marry Christal.' 'Then take your gun.'—Fritz looked mournfully at me, and knew not what to do."

Peasant. "I thought, after all, a pigeon was only a pigeon; and that it was better for a pigeon to die than that we should never be married. 'So,' said Christal, 'you could really kill our poor pigeon?' I thought if I had only two glasses of brandy I could have done it. But Christal reminded me of the many letters the pigeon had carried, and of my having saved it from the hawk, and that she had allowed me the first kiss for it, and that she had fed it with her own hand to save its life; in short, she made me so faint-hearted, that I told her highness she must do with me what she would, for that once for all I could not kill the pigeon. The princess appeared very angry, and said, 'We had to thank ourselves for our misfortune."

"As she said this she set the pigeon on the ground, and it began to run along the alley, straight to a little house which stood at a distance. The princess then ordered us to follow her. We obeyed, and as we went we were grievously mortified at the laughing which we heard sometimes behind us. We went sorrowfully on until we at length came to a door which opened as we came near. Good gracious, what did we see—the young parson in full dress behind an altar, with the clerk near him! We could neither of us speak a word for surprise. I was not at all in a humour for laughing, and yet I could not help it, when I looked at the antics of the parson. 'Our sovereign princess,' said he at last, (his lips trembled, and the end of his nose turned yellow,) 'our sovereign princess has graciously commanded me to unite the first pair who should enter this room.' We did not give him time to say it twice; in five minutes we were man and wife; and besides that, the young parson was obliged to wish us joy.

"As we came back Christal's father

and my father met us; and as they were now good friends again, embraced us tenderly. There I stood and cried, and Christal stood and cried also. The princess made us many handsome presents, on account of the uneasiness she had caused us; but nothing pleased us so much as the returning our pigeon, which we kept and fed with care and tenderness until the very day when it died of old age."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Complaint.

IN the grey dappled east glows the dawning of day,
The Sun's rising splendors refulgently gleam,
On the mountain's proud top slants his first purple ray,
And red rolls the streamlet that drinks of his beam.

The wild notes of Nature ascend on the breeze,
The Morn's various melodies sound o'er the plain,
The dew drops of Night softly sleep on the leaves,
And the rose-bud expands to the zephyr again.

But in vain glows the east with the splendor of Morn,
In vain swell the wood-bird's wild notes on the air;
No comfort they bring to the wretch that 's forlorn,
No sweet soothing balm to the pangs of despair.

I look to the west where his glories decline,
I watch the last ray as it fades from my sight;
My heart swells with anguish yet dares not repine,
But pours forth its woes to the silence of night.

Ah! thus may I part from this dearly priz'd state;
Thus peacefully sink from attention away;
In the grave's gloomy slumber forget my sad fate,
And rest undisturb'd till ETERNITY's day!

Oh, then! 'ere life's last, trembling flutter expire,
'Ere my soul, on the wing, leave its mansion of woe,
A fond-cherish'd hope would this bosom inspire,
And teach it with LOVE's dearest rapture to glow.

'Tis the HOPE that my MARTHA would cherish my name;
On my mem'ry would dwell with the soft-falling tear;
Would view the dull sod that enwrapped my cold frame,
And oft, where I rest, as a mourner appear.

W. M.

The Literary Breakfast.

AS lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
(Tho' for breakfast too savoury I ween)
He exclaim'd to a friend who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cry'd,
And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly reply'd,
"When I'm making *large extracts from* [*Bacon.*

Quiz.

The Rose Bud.

ON slender stem the rose bud waves,
And drinks reviv'd the morning dew,
Expands to the rising sun its leaves,
And emulates the coral's hue.

I mark'd its blush, its modest glow,
I bow'd, and press'd it to my lips:
Thus in the arms of beauty, low,
Man bends to love, and, bending, sips.

The modest wanton wav'd its head,
Nor seem'd to shun my warm embrace;
Till on its luscious bounties fed,
I threw it hence, and left the place.

Ah, thus! my Martha! tyrant man
Too often crops perfection's flower:
Feasts on its charms with curious fear,
The plaything of a sportful hour.

W. M.

The Attentive Chamber-Maid.

A VET'RAN, who had long serv'd his king,
And lost in his service an eye;
Found honor a sad scurvy thing,
So return'd to his country to die.

Now as two eyes are reckon'd genteel,
And the want of one just the reverse;
The wound which no surgeon could heal,
He fill'd up with one made of glass.

He, happening to be once benighted,
While travelling the North Country road,
Put up at an inn, and was lighted
To bed by a fine strapping maid.

Now, putting his hand in his pocket,
Gave a shilling—'twas all he was able,
Then, taking his eye from his socket,
He bade her put *that* on the table.

The nymph with composure remain'd,
For wonder forbad her to fly;
She curtsied at length, and exclaim'd—
"I'se waiting for *t'other* large eye."

Quiz.

CRITICISM.

The Life of THOS. CHATTERTON. *By* JOHN DAVIS, *author of 'Travels America.* pp. 168, sm. 8vo. 4s.

TO those who may be desirous of possessing an account of Chatterton, the present work will not be unacceptable. It contains all that is known of the life of the unfortunate poet, and all that has been published of his correspondence: it is written with interest and discrimination, and it is offered to the public at a moderate price.

Mr. Davis concurs in the sentence long since awarded against Horace Walpole, the late Lord Orford, for his neglect and contempt of 'the boy-bard!' Nor is he much less displeased with the poetical encomiasts of this juvenile adventurer in the regions of Parnassus.—"However the lamentations of [Dr.] Knox," says Mr. D., "the mourning of Mrs. Robinson, the grief of Mrs. Cowley, the woe of Miss Williams, the distraction of Mr. Hayley, and the tenderness of Mr. Coleridge, may exact idolatrous reverence from Dr. Gregory [Chatterton's leading Biographer], I request my reader to ask his conscious heart, whether passion runs after studied declamation, remote similies, or incongruous images?" We shall not obtrude our comments on this censure; but we are not quite so well satisfied with the remarks following.

Having narrated Chatterton's first disappointment on his arrival in London, "It is of little importance to a poet," observes Mr. Davis, "whether he inhabit *a princely chamber* or *a cock-loft*. His mind is abstracted from an attention to external objects. Give him but a stool, a table, and a candlestick, and he is content to lucubrate in a garret. This," he adds, with an air of peculiar exultation, "this is the high prerogative and imperial power of genius, that, happy in its own sensations, it can despise worldly grandeur."

Really!—If so, on what account are we called upon to deprecate the lot even of Chatterton? We confess our regret on meeting with such an observation from an admirer and votary of genius; an observation that we should have felt ourselves compelled to dissent from, had it proceeded from the meer creature of calculation. There is neither wisdom nor humanity in diffusing such an opinion of the compensation due to intellectual worth. We grant, indeed, that a man of truly elevated conceptions may hold himself indifferent to "worldly *grandeur*," but no man, however exalted his mental faculties and acquirements are, can be insensible to the want of those worldly *comforts* without which existence becomes almost insupportable.

Introduction au Lecteur François: ou Recueil de Pièces Choisies; avec l'Explication des Idiotismes et des Phrases difficiles qui s'y trouvent. Par LINDLEY MURRAY. 1807.

THIS work is distinguished by the same neatness of typography, the same propriety of selection, and the same accuracy of execution as is well known to belong to all Mr. Murray's performances. We recommend it with very great pleasure from a conviction that it will be found useful in public and private tuition.

Observations on a Journey through Spain and Italy to Naples; and thence to Smyrna and Constantinople: comprising a Description of the principal Places in that Route, and Remarks on the present National and Political State of those Countries. 2 vols. 8vo. By ROBERT SEMPLE. 1807.

THE author of the present work has already appeared before the public; but of his former productions, not having read them, we can say nothing. To judge from the volumes now before us, we are not inclined to place him very high in the ranks of literature; though in saying this, we shall, perhaps, subject ourselves to the silly insinuations of Mr. S., who characterises all those critics who do not praise him as "ignorant and malevolent hirelings."—Pref. We could wish, indeed, that our author had been superior to that petty exacerbation of petty minds, which supposes that the voice of passion can triumph over that of truth; or that by calumniating our judges,

we in effect, weaken their decisions.

Mr. Semple informs us in the course of his preface, that it was not until his arrival at Smyrna, that the idea occurred to him of publishing his travels; and that during his passage homewards he seriously laboured in the undertaking: but an unlucky accident befel him. Owing to the heat of the weather and the inconvenience of the accommodations below, he wished to write upon deck. On the first day of his making this attempt, a sudden gust of wind carried all his notes overboard, and he had the satisfaction of seeing them strewed in graceful undulations upon the waves of the Mediterranean. We should hardly have had any cause to regret it had this deterred Mr. S. from future exertions; for all travels that are composed from recollection have so few claims to our belief, that the loss of such can scarcely be deplored as an evil. It is well observed by Gray, that one note made upon the spot is worth a thousand recollections.

It might, perhaps, appear rather singular that Mr. Semple could travel through countries at that time in a state of hostility with Great Britain; but he informs us he is an American by birth, though educated in England, and he concludes by an assertion of loyalty, that he would shed his blood in defence of England. This is a sort of patriotism for which we have no respect:—in travelling through foreign countries he avails himself of the political amity of his native land, yet professes to be the staunch defender of another who is at variance with those very governments whose protection he ensured by his prevarication.

We shall now proceed to select a few extracts, by which our readers will perceive that Mr. Semple is at best but an amusing traveller, who tells of things somewhat different from our usual knowledge, and therefore pleases from the natural curiosity of the human mind. Goldsmith's mock journey through Pancras and Kentish Town might be read as authentic and interesting on the Continent.

At page 12, Mr. Semple observes, that Don Quixote's engagement with the windmills will by no means appear so extravagant to those who have seen them in Portugal and Spain. Judging from what he was acquainted with in his own country, he was often tempted to regard this adventure of the chivalrous knight as somewhat too extravagant; but, says he, "those of this country being little, round sturdy fellows, of about ten or twelve feet in height, might pass for the ghosts of giants, even to a sober English peasant, on a moonlight night."

Arrived at Madrid we have the following description:

"It is on the prado that the stranger may study with advantage the dress, the air, and the gait of the Spaniards; for then all pass in review before him, from the prince to the beggar. The nobleman alights from his carriage, and saunters among the throng, seemingly careless about his fine dress, and the ornaments at his button-hole, although nobody glances at them so often as himself; the citizen dresses in the mode general throughout Europe thirty years ago; whilst the lower classes that venture on the prado, still wear their cloaths thrown over their shoulder, and thus preserve the last reliques of the ancient toga. All the men wear large cocked hats, and all smoke cigars; for this latter purpose boys run up and down the prado with a kind of slow torch, which burns without flaming, and serves to light the cigars. In opposition to them, water-carriers, with their porous earthen vases and goblets, vend the cool water of the neighbouring fountains; and the various cries of fire, fire, and fresh water, water, are heard above the buz of the mingled crowd. But the women principally attract the eyes of the stranger. Their simple and elegant dress, their veils, which serve any purpose but that of concealing their faces, the freedom of their walk, and their looks attractive, but not immodest, tend to make an Englishman forget for a moment, that they are greatly inferior in point of real beauty to the women of his own country.

There is one custom which pleased me much, and which no where produces so striking an effect as on the prado. Exactly at sunset the bell of the churches and convents give the signal

for repeating the evening prayer to the Virgin. In an instant the busy multitude is hushed and arrested, as if by magic. The carriages stop, the women veil their faces with their fans; the men take off their hats, and all breathe out, or are supposed to breathe, a short prayer to the protecting Power which has brought them to the close of another day. After a short, a solemn, and not an unpleasing pause, the men bow and put on their hats, the women uncover their faces, the carriages drive on, and the whole crowd is again in motion as before. This is one of the few Catholic customs which appears to partake of piety without superstition, and divested of altars, candlesticks, tapers, and images. I felt no reluctance to uncover my head among the crowd under so noble a canopy as the vault of heaven, where some of the stars already begin to appear. Those around me mutter a petition or a thanksgiving to their favourite saint, or to the Mother of God; but I have only a heretic though heartfelt prayer to offer for those far distant from me, a parent, a brother, a sister, or a friend."

While at Madrid some pious Spaniard picked the pocket of our author as he was attending one of their most solemn religious festivals, that of Santa Barbara.

After visiting the Escurial, Mr. Semple proceeded towards Cadiz and Algesiras, and on his route encountered at one of the posadas, the following romantic adventure.

"It being now quite dark, and the storm continuing, I determined to remain here till day-break. As I had formed no expectations, I was not chagrined to find so few comforts in a Spanish inn. Although drenched to the skin, so that even my boots were filled with water, here was no cheerful fire, no clean room, no ready attendant. On each side of a large fire-place sat an old woman and her daughter, cowring over two or three smoky bundles of wet brush-wood; a chair, a table, and a small glimmering lamp formed the furniture; and here was all to which I had to look for comfort for the night. The old woman, however, received me very kindly, and shewed me to a room, which though also floored with earth like the kitchen, was better furnished, and provided with a bed. While I here changed my dress, she prepared my supper, which consisted of eggs fried in lamp oil, and together with coarse bread and garlick, formed a mess which a long fast and a ride of forty miles made me relish. When I was just ready to choke with thirst, my kind hostess again appeared, and set before me a small pitcher of wine, to wash down this precious composition. This formed my sole companion till I chose to go to rest, when, behold an alarming circumstance, and which might make a figure in romance. On removing a mat which lay at the bed side, I found that it served to cover a hole; the entrance, as I saw by the help of my lamp, to a long dark vault. This, thought I immediately, is to answer two purposes; first, for the murderers to come unawares upon the poor sleeper, and then to cast his body into. After some pause, I covered the hole as before, and then piled up all the chairs in the room upon it in such a manner, that with the least motion they must have fallen; then having bolted the door, I placed my pistols ready cocked under my pillow, and thus secured, in spite of daggers and pale-faced assassins, soon fell fast asleep. Nothing disturbed me till the break of day, when my postilion called me at the hour I had appointed. I then took an opportunity of examining this dreadful cavern; and discovered, oh gentle reader! that it was indeed no other than a large wine vault dug underneath the house, and the roof of which being only supported by beams of wood, had in some places decayed and fallen in; so groundless are often our apprehensions."

Mr. Semple happened to reach Cadiz a few days after the memorable battle of Trafalgar; a battle never to be named by an Englishman but with pride and regret. He gives the following account of what he saw relative to that great event.

"I have already mentioned some of the effects of the great battle of Trafalgar, visible in crossing the bay of Cadiz. There a large vessel bilged and lying broadside upon the rocks, a second stranded, with all her masts gone, and a groupe of others which

seemed to have escaped as by a miracle, after being so shattered by the British cannon; all this possessed something of the terrible. But in Cadiz, the consequences, though equally apparent were of a far different nature. Ten days after the battle they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded, and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs and through the streets, sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human sufferings. When by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry which pierced the soul arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion: yet as they were finely dressed it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound. On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile, their companions who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat upon heaps of arms, broken furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learnt that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and that convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder. If leaving the harbour I passed through the town to the point, I still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the Isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered; the Spaniards still continuing to affirm, that they have lost their chief admiral and half their fleet. While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance, several masts and portions of wreck still floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with the remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. The portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts; yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such was the apprehensions which still filled their minds of the enemy."

The first volume concludes with some remarks on the manners and government of Spain; but not worthy of transcription. It requires greater powers of mind, more original capacity of association, to depict the general aspect of a country, morally and politically speaking, than we conceive to belong to Mr. Semple. It is easy to say a country is superstitious, bigotted, ignorant in true political economy, and so forth; but to collect adequate data for these assertions, to provide due limitations in making them, and to preserve consistency in the whole, demand an enlarged and philosophical mind.

The second volume commences with his departure from Algesiras for Leghorn, whence he proceeded to Vienna, Rome, and Naples. This country has been too often described by travellers of all descriptions to admit of any novelty. Our author visited of course Vesuvius. At Naples the presence of the French and Joseph Buonaparte created some diminution of its usual gaiety, principally among the upper ranks; the lower classes preserved the same degrading indifference which levels man to a station with the brutes that serve him. They had their carnivals, their processions, and their religious ceremonies; though their country was daily liable to an utter political extinction! Shall we call such men

happy? Philosophy perhaps, would envy them, but reason must condemn them. Read the following, and despise them.

"I cannot refrain from mentioning an instance of what appeared to me one of the most debasing acts of superstition I had ever witnessed. One morning, in a church in the great square, I noticed a well dressed man come in, and who crossed himself with more than usual devotion. Soon afterwards he threw himself down on his knees before a crucifix, and actually licked the pavement with his tongue. After he had done this for some time in one direction, he repeated it crossways, and having thus licked the shape of a crucifix rudely upon the pavement, he rose well assured that he had done a most meritorious action. I cannot express my feelings of mingled disgust and pity at the sight of this abject wretch, who thus thought to honour God by debasing his image. My first emotions were to spurn him as he lay, and in order to check these emotions, I was obliged hastily to quit a temple where the bigotry of the votaries was so sadly in union with the mummeries of the priest."

Mr. Semple begins in the second volume to give a sort of journal, by no means a necessary, or an interesting method, in sailing up the Mediterranean. It can give very little pleasure to know that on Monday it rained, on Tuesday it blew, on Wednesday it was fine, and on Thursday it rained. It may furnish amusement to himself to read this commemoration of the weather, and how he spent his time; but the public desire to know only what is valuable.

From Naples our author proceeds to Malta, where he stays some days, then proceeds to Smyrna and Constantinople. This is the boundary of his excursion, and after some deliberation, he resolves upon retracing his steps homewards, instead of prosecuting his journey through Germany or through Russia. In his back passage to Smyrna Mr. S. is struck by a Turk for trespassing unintentionally upon the sacred abode of two fair ladies in a small birth; and the Mussulman perceiving our author to receive this pugilistic admonition quietly, became arrogant, and sought an opportunity the next day to quarrel with him, and struck him again: but Mr. S. vindicated the character of his assumed country England) and drubbed the votary of Mahomet.

With the following partial delineation of the Turkish character we must close our extracts from these volumes.

"Having acquired these fine countries by the sword, they seem conscious that they hold them by no other right; and go always armed, carrying loaded pistols and a long dagger in their belt, and which being embossed with silver, they delight to exhibit and handle. With these sentiments, and surrounded only by slaves, they naturally acquire a haughty air, which, from the state of their manners, partakes of ferocity. At the smallest provocation, and most often without any at all, their hands are ready to strike an Infidel, and they never dream of his having the madness or insolence to return the blow. If two stout Greeks be fighting in the street, a Turk comes between them, pushes each a different way; and adds kicks and blows, should they still linger near each other. They look upon the life of an Infidel as of little more value than that of a brute; and indeed do not seem to estimate their own at a very high rate. They have some traits of the true military character; are fond of horses and arms; and detest the sea. They delight in the pomp, and noise, and glitter of war; and they can bind themselves for a short time in the hour of battle to its dangers; but its incessant fatigues soon dishearten them; and although they insult the Christians at Constantinople and Smyrna, they have learnt to tremble before them on the banks of the Danube, and the borders of the Euxine. This, then, betrays the whole secret of their haughtiness. It is founded on the conquest of their remote ancestors, not on their own tried strength.

In a word, deluded by the semblance of war, and really enervated by long habits of peace, and by a religion, the rewards of which are entirely sensual, the Turk is willing to have a foretaste in this world of the cooling shades, the pure running streams, the soft

slumbers, and the Houris of Paradise. Tents adorned with fringes, horses gaily caparisoned, and splendid arms, serve only to wake him gently from these luxurious dreams, that he may fall to slumber again with a better relish, and dream that he is a soldier. So much of war as consists in that he does not dislike. But long and tedious marches, painful wounds, above all, the profound study and science of war, are wholly unsuited to his temper, at once impetuous and indolent. Where it is possible by a single violent exertion to obtain his end, the Turk may succeed: but disappointed in that first effort he retires like the tiger who has missed his spring, and requires a long interval of repose to recruit his scattered ferocity."

The style of this book is extremely flippant; it is a bad imitation of a bad model; we mean the silly vivacity of some modern French writers. Neither is it free from inelegant and ungrammatical expressions: viz.

"At all public tables, I have seen that a Spaniard eats full as much as the foreigner *alongside of him*." vol. 1. p. 73.

"What man alone could be more happy than solitary *me*?" Ib. 122.

"But many subsequent *acquaintances* of that nation." vol. 2. p. 100. Mr. S. does not seem to know that this word has no plural.

"Being less accustomed than *me*." ib. 113.

"Are prevented from sleep the *whole night long*." ib. 142.

He constantly spells *birth*, *berth*, contrary to the true orthography of the word; and in the beginning of the first volume says, "We made the Burlings, a cluster of rocks on the *west* coast of Portugal." What other coast of Portugal could be seen in a voyage from England to Lisbon?

We have particularized these few faults for our own justification, lest Mr. S. might be tempted to accuse us of malevolence, which we do assure him is not the case, as we knew not even his name till the present volumes were put upon our table. We hazard this truth without the fear of being replied to by Mr. S. in the words of Milton's devil:

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

An Account of the Life and Writings of DAVID HUME. *By* THOMAS EDWARD RITCHIE. 1 vol. 8vo. 1807.

A LIFE of Hume executed by an able hand still remains a desideratum in literature; the one before us, in regard to fact, contains nothing that has not been given to the public; and in point of criticism, it is by far too humble to preclude the attempt of any future biographer. Mr. Ritchie has contrived to magnify the simple details given by Hume himself into a volume of five hundred and twenty pages, by a few letters selected from Stewart's life of Robertson, by a re-print of the celebrated "Exposé Succinct" of D'Alembert's respecting the quarrel between Hume and Rousseau; by a translation of the same in the body of the work; by a re-publication of some neglected essays of Hume, to be found, however, in a small Scotch edition, published about the year 1750; and a few scattered remarks upon the philosophical tenets of our author, and upon his style. Such are the materials of the volume before us, and we confess our disappointment has been great.

It would be a waste of time to give our readers a biographical sketch of this celebrated writer; since the few data which he himself gave the world are well known, and beyond these nothing of any importance is to be found in this volume. The most interesting part of its contents is unquestionably the affair between Rousseau and Hume; in many of the letters of the former we find all his wonted eloquence and fire, mixed as usual, with a large share of absurdity and insanity. The character of Rousseau was, perhaps, the most singular that ever existed; vanity was its predominating principle; to this he sacrificed largely, and in his works we often meet with disgusting evidences of it. Horace Walpole, with the flippancy which is distinguishable in all his writings, affected to despise Rousseau as a mere visionary, destitute of talent; but the genius, the pathos, the eloquence of the one will live in the hearts of posterity, when the pert vivacity of the other will be forgotten.

From the life of Hume one conso-

lation to literary candidates may be drawn. They will see him encountering the most humiliating neglect in his outset, and rising only by very slow steps to reputation. Its greatest effulgence was not indeed till after his death, and he himself anticipates its breaking forth in the sketch of his own life.

We find in this volume a detailed account of the interposition of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, with respect to the philosophical writings of Hume and Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kaimes. The narrow bigotry of the Scotch clergy has been since shewn in the memorable case of Mr. Leslie; the writer of this article was present at the time, and felt the strongest indignation at the illiberal zeal and persecuting spirit which were displayed by this band of churchmen. Never was religious rancour carried to a greater height; the bloody disciples of Knox were conspicuous in almost all of them; it formed a disgraceful epoch in their ecclesiastical history: while at the same time, it shewed of what ferocious fanatics the presbytery of Scotland is composed. Whoever reads the speeches, made on the occasion, of Hume, Home, and Leslie, and observes what intolerant principles were there maintained, must feel convinced, that the fires of persecution are only slumbering, and that the slightest breath of accident would blow them into devouring and ravaging flames.

Among other interesting details with which this volume is filled, we have a chronological history of all the different clubs at Edinburgh, such as the Poker Club, the Rankenian Club, &c. These curious sources shew that Mr. Ritchie is at least equal to his illustrious countryman Smollet, whom he terms "a veteran in the ingenious science of book making."

In 1761 the Select Society of which Mr. Hume was a member, undertook the task of cleansing from the tongues of their brethren, the impurities of the Scotch accent. They were stimulated to this enterprize by the appearance of Mr. Sheridan among them, whose lectures on elocution were then just fashionable. The Select Society published "Regulations for promoting the reading and speaking of the English language in Scotland," and brought forward many arguments to induce their brethren to be purified; they appointed directors, opened subscriptions, stipulated to procure adequate masters, and did in fact every thing they could. But the prospect failed, and the natives of North Britain were doomed to remain a people distinguished by their tongue.

While Mr. Hume was at Paris in 1763, he seems to have suffered a temporary derangement of his faculties from the extravagant praises which he received in that capital. Hear with what self-complacency the philosopher writes from hence to Dr. Robertson.

"It is probable that this place will long be my home. I feel little inclination to the *factious barbarians* of London; and have ever dsired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so when it is the best place in the world? I could live here in great abundance on the half of my income; for ther is no place where money is so littl requisite to a man who is distinguished either by *his birth or by personal qualities*. I could run out, you see, in panygeric on the people; but you would suspect that there was a mutul convention between us. However I cannot forbear observing on wh different footing learning and the arned are here, from what they are among the *factious barbarians* abov mentioned."

From the letters containedn this volume we select the two folwing; and the first with peculiar pasure, because it contains an opion of Hume's respecting Swift's sty, with which we cordially agree; to by no sophistry whatever could e ever persuade ourselves that the yle of Swift was either simple, elent, or energetic.

Mr. Hume to Dr. Roberts.

"I got yesterday from trahan about thirty sheets of your Hory to be sent over to Suard, and li night and this morning have run th over with great avidity. I could t deny myself the satisfaction (whicI hope also will not displease you) oexpres-

sing presently my extreme approbation of them. To say only they are very well written, is by far too faint an expression, and much inferior to the sentiments I feel: they are composed with noblenes with dignity, with elegance, and with judgment, to which there are few equals. They even excel, and I think in a sensible degree, your History of Scotland. I propose to myself great pleasure in being the only man in England during some months, who will be in the situation of doing you justice; after which you may certainly expect, that my voice will be drowned in that of the public.

"You know that you and I have always been on the footing of finding in each other's productions *something to blame*, and *something to commend*; and therefore, you may perhaps expect also some seasoning of the former kind; but really neither my leisure nor inclination allowed me to make such remarks, and I sincerely believe you have afforded me very small materials for them. However, such particulars as occur to my memory I shall mention. *Maltreat* is a Scottici, which occurs once. What the devil had you to do with that old-fashioned dangling word *wherewith*? I should as soon take back *whereupon*, *wherewo*, and *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherein*; and I should not chuse to be often seen in his company. But I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to Dean Swift, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve but surely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament, and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics. But what a fancy ship you have taken of saying always *a hand*, *an heart*, *an head*? Have you *an ear*? Do you not know that *an* is added before vowels to prevent the cacophony, and ought never to take place before *h* when that letter is sounded? It is never pronounced in these words: why should it be wrote? Thus, I should say, *a hory*, and *a historian*; and so would you too, if you had any sense. But you tell me that Swift does otherwise. To be sure there is no reply to that, and we must swallow your *hath* too upon the same authority. I will see you d—d sooner. But I will endeavour to keep my temper.

"I do not like this sentence in page 149. *This step was taken in consequence of the treaty Wolsey had concluded with the Emperor at Brussels, and which had hitherto been kept secret.* Si sic omnia dixisses, I should never have been plagued with hearing your praises so often sounded, and that fools preferred your style to mine. Certainly it had been better to have said, *which Wolsey*, &c. That relative ought very seldom to be omitted, and is here particularly requisite to preserve a symmetry between the two members of the sentence. You omit the relative too often, which is a colloquial barbarism, as Mr. Johnson calls it.

"Your periods are sometimes, though not often, too long. Guard will be embarassed with them, as the modish French style runs into the other extreme."

Edinburgh, August 16, 1760.

"SIR,

"I am not surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shewn the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator.

"These two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffatt last autumn, when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar, and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited, and asked whether he had ever translated any of them. Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing; and doubted whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language; but, for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that

wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day, which our friend was so much pleased with that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson, till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

"After this volume was in every body's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity, the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question; for their antiquity is a point, which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

"In the family of every Highland chieftain, there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems, which they recited, was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less celebrated among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished: the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, Lord Rae's brother, also told me, that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient, as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and been imprinted on every memory.

"Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest, sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Grahame of Balgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have, therefore, set about a subscription of a guinea, or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these fragments. There is, in particular, a country surgeon somewhere in Lochabar, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and as he is somewhat old, and the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

"I own, that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these fragments, was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of genius and passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of those specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contained this species of beauty; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

"I remember Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He

mentioned an incident which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior has the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a forge was erected, makes a new one, hurries back to the action, pierces his enemy, while the iron, which was yet red-hot, hisses in the wound. His imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined, that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

"I forgot to mention as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes Fingal, Oscur, Osur, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, or the French that of Marlborough.

"It gives me pleasure to find, that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments; so it may convince us, that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant; but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,

"Ye shepherds so careless and free,
"Whose flocks never carelessly roam, &c."

"Pray, ask Mr. Gray, whether he made the same remark, and whether he thinks it a blemish?

Your's most sincerely, &c.

Of the style of this work we can by no means speak favourably. It is flimsy, and apes a sort of sententious dignity that looks ridiculous. Often too it is vulgar and incorrect. A few specimens will shew this:

"That a *lad* of only twenty-seven years of age should fail, &c." He is speaking here of Hume after the publication of his "Treatise on Human Nature." But this is, we know, partly a Scotticism: our author, however, should remember, that in England, and in serious composition we apply that term only to extreme youth, and not at all to a person of respectability.

At page 9, we are told of a "rare instance of *early* precocity." An elegant pleonasm. In the same page Mr. Ritchie pretends to correct the language of Hume, who said of his *Treatise* that it fell "dead-born from the press." Mr. R. puts *still-born*, though it would be difficult to discover a motive of preference. But the idea as well as expression are not his, though often quoted as such. He took them from Pope, Epilogue to the Satires, l. 226.

"All, all but truth drops *dead-born* from the press,
Like the last Gazette or the last address."

And Pope probably had Dryden in his eye, who says in his prologue to the *Pilgrim*,

"For all the former fustian stuff he wrote
Was *dead-born* doggrel or is quite forgot."

At page 11 we are told of a general *abandonment* of prior opinions," and at page 18 we are informed, that the "*most devious* fancy could not surmise the extent and force of the Aristotelian philosophy in the middle ages;" and at page 51, it is intimated to the reader, that Mr. Hume (whom our author often politely terms merely David) "*plucked up courage*" to go on with his history in consequence of the approbation of Dr. Stone, the primate of Ireland.

At p. 306 this gentleman modestly informs us, "that if 'an uncouthness of style occasionally appear in the detail of Mr. Hume's opinions in this work, it will serve as an apology that his own language is always employed, which, in his earlier productions, was not very remarkable for its classic elegance and correctness." This is kindly intimated lest the style of the historian of England should be mistaken for that of Thomas Edward Ritchie, the compiler of his life.

Our author pretends also to criticise and correct the language of Hume. It is not that his language is faultless; on the contrary, we know it to have many conspicuous defects; but we do not conceive Mr. Ritchie competent to the task of pointing them out, if we may judge from the following specimen. Hume originally wrote in his history the following

sentence, "that the event however prosperous," which he afterwards very properly altered to "how prosperous soever;" but Mr. Ritchie informs us "the expression in the first edition was correct. In the words *whosoever, whatsoever, howsoever,* the pronoun or adverb cannot be properly disunited from *soever.*" Had Mr. R. been in the least acquainted with the English classics, he would know that this separation is itself a beauty; in confirmation of which we could quote numerous examples from Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Blair, Robertson, Smith, and others.

It appears that Mr. Ritchie applied to the family of Hume for some authentic documents for the life of their kinsman. But this they very properly refused, unless they were permitted to see the work in MS. that they might be certain it was not an attempt to injure the reputation of the historian. Mr. Ritchie declined complying with this request, and his work consequently became meagre and uninteresting. There is discoverable, in many parts of it, a petty inclination to calumniate, and a peevish carping at the statements of Hume in his own life. The reader is left to suppose that this work is a joint production, for the first person plural is constantly used; as "*we* have discovered," "we *will* be pardoned," "*our* remarks on them, &c."

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. RICHARD FRIEND'S, *(Southwark) for improvements in the construction and working Gun-Carriages.*

THESE carriages are so constructed, that the bed, when the gun is fired, shall slide back upon a slide or traversing platform, similarly to the slide of a common carronade, with the addition of two iron plates for the wheels of the carriage to run upon, and is fixed to the ship's side in the same manner. For garrison service the slide is made similarly to that for sea service, except that instead of the plates called breast plates, at the fore-end of the slide, an iron with two straps and an eye at the end is substituted. This iron is fixed to a piece of wood, between the sides of the slide, extending to any length that may be required; the eye at the end hanging upon a pivot or bolt, fixed in the floor of the garrison; and the slide, resting upon four wheels, may be traversed so as to point the gun in any direction. The slide may be hung in various ways, as the nature of the ship or garrison may require. After the gun is fired and the carriage forced back upon the slide by the recoil, the carriage is raised on four wheels by means of an iron spindle, with pinions upon it, and four iron cranks with cogs or teeth in the end, which work in the pinions on the spindle; and the wheels running on the iron plates let into the slide, enables the gun to be got forward again without tackle, and in considerably less time than the common carriage.

The carriage is made of two wood sides or brackets, or bed or bottom, and a transum or cross piece framed together. The iron spindle mentioned above is fixed about the middle of the carriage, a little above the bed or bottom. It is round, and passes through the sides or brackets; at the inside of which are two pinions of six teeth, and a half pinion of three teeth on the middle. The ends on the outside are made square to fix wrenches or handles to, to turn the spindle. Four iron levers or cranks are then fixed to the bed of the carriage, by an iron bolt passing through them, two at the fore and two at the aft part on the inside of the brackets. The two at the fore part are made with a hole at one end, through which and along a groove or channel in the bed an iron axletree passes; on the ends of which at the outside of the levers or cranks are two iron wheels. At the edge of the wheels a bolt passes, and serves as a bearing for the levers to act upon, and also to hold the carriage together. The other end is made with three or more teeth, which work in the pinions of the spindle. The two levers at the after part of the carriage are made in a reversed shape, so that by turning the spindle one way the carriage will be raised upon its four wheels at once. The carriage is held upon the slide similarly to a common carronade.

The patentee has a carriage and a gun mounted, according to this invention, at his manufactory, No. 11, Broad-way, St. Thomas's, Southwark.

Mr. JOHN MABERLEY'S, *(Bedford-Row) for making Tents, Poles, and other Machinery, so as to carry off noxious air, by a more effectual ventilation than is at present used.—March* 7, 1807.

A CAP or piece is made of wood in the form of a vase, or of any other suitable figure, in which are perforations communicating obliquely with a central perforation, which is open at bottom, but does not proceed through the said vase at top. The tent poles are formed of a hollow pipe, or cylinder, of plate iron, in which is a wooden pipe or tube, bored not quite through at the bottom, where it is secured in the cylinder by a pin, and holes are made through both the wood and metal, and communicate with the interior space. The lower part of the metallic cylinder, where there is no lining of wood, is fastened by pins. The canvas of the tent is securely fastened on the conical surface of the neck of the vase, and a piece of leather is firmly fixed below the projecting part, in order to cover and defend the place of junction from the weather. The tent pole being fixed in its socket is introduced by its upper part into the cavity, which is lined with metal, and supports the tent. In this situation it will be easily understood that the heated air will rise to the most elevated part of the tent, where it will pass out through the holes in the iron cylinder and its wooden interior into the atmosphere, and by these means the ventilation will be kept up with more or less rapidity in proportion to the temperature of the tent.

Mr. THOMAS PATY'S, *(Kent Road, Camberwell) for a method of spinning, dyeing, weaving, and manufacturing East-India Sun Hemp into Carpets and Carpet Rugs.—April* 11, 1807.

THE sun hemp is taken from the bale, as imported, and dressed into three sorts. The first, or longest sort, is spun into yarn for the warp; the second is spun for the pile; and the third for the weft of the carpets. The yarn used for the pile is dyed in the skain of various colours at pleasure, by means of cochineal, argol, fustick, &c. &c. The materials being thus prepared are wove in a loom into carpets; the warp is in general dressed with starch made of flour and water, and in the beaming of it is received through a raddle with iron teeth. The shuttle is worked by the hand, and is nine inches in length by four and a half in breadth; the harness consisting of four wings when at work, two being up and two down, parts two warps in half every time the shuttle passes through the centre. The pile is raised by means of a rod of iron, copper, or brass, with a sunk-in-groove of about three-eighths of an inch; the rod varying from one inch and a quarter to two inches in circumference, according to the length of pile required. The yarn dyed and prepared for the pile is wound round the rod by hand, being threaded through every two threads of the chain or warp, and, when struck up by the batten, is cut with a sharp instrument down the groove of the rod, by which means the rod is immediately extricated; the cut ends of the yarn form the pile on the upper side of the carpet, and the shoot forms the ground or back. The rug or carpet is finished by chipping and trimming the pile with a pair of shears.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE anniversary of this society for the distribution of premiums and bounties awarded within the last year, was held on Tuesday, the 26th of May, at the society's house in the Adelphi. The president, the Duke of Norfolk, was in the chair, and the business commenced with the usual oration from Dr. Taylor, the secretary.

Mr. David Day had a silver medal awarded to him, for planting ash trees; he stated several particulars relating to his long experience as a planter of ash, and said, that on particular small spots the produce of his plantation

has increased in value no less than 480l. per acre in three years. He stated, that neither chalk or clay are well adapted to the growth of ash, but that sand is highly so; that comparatively poor land will pay the best for planting, though he had succeeded on most soils with ash, which pays better than oak in general.

Miss D'Oyley, of Yorkshire, had a silver medal for her improvement on the Egyptian mode of raising chickens by art. This was stated to consist principally in causing the same hens to sit upon and hatch successive sets of eggs, and raising the chickens by means of apparatus, called "artificial mothers," calculated to give the shelter and warmth to these tender creatures usually derived from the wings and feathers of a hen.

Lord Redesdale had a silver medal for the discovery and account of an ore of zinc, of from three to six feet in thickness, found in certain caverns on his lordship's estate, at Malham Moor, near Craven, in Yorkshire, which is either applicable in its present state for making paint, instead of white lead, or for preparing metallic zinc.

Mr. Edmund Tyrrell received ten guineas for his newly contrived muffle, for chemical purposes, the novelty of which consists in forming them in moulds in the cylindrical form wanted, instead of bending flat pieces of a soft composition over a mould for this purpose.

Mr. Alexander Duff, of Bethnal Green, received fifteen guineas for his improved loom, for weaving figured goods without draw-boys; of which looms, he stated, that three hundred were in use, and that two hundred of them had been made since Christmas last for silk weaving, but that they were alike applicable to cotton or thread weaving.

Mr. George Smart had a second gold medal, for his chimney sweeping apparatus, for obviating the necessity of employing climbing boys. Mr. S. stated, that his brush, made of the same material as whisks and carpet brooms, is found capable of ascending any chimney, if only six inches square, not one in a hundred being found, on trial, not adapted to the apparatus; that he has for years past constantly had two men employed in using these apparatus, and others in making them for sale; and Mr. S. stated, that scarcely a great town in the kingdom is now without one or more of his machines, of which he has sold more than one hundred.

Mr. Joseph Davis received a silver medal for a machine similar in purpose, next in merit to the above.

Mr. Chris opher Wilson received a gold medal for a secure sailing boat or life-boat. This boat differs from Greathead's life-boat, in its buoyant property being derived from air tight lockers in the sides of the boat, instead of cork, and which, by widening the upper part, made her capable of carrying more sail, or bearing greater inequalities of weight on her sides without oversetting. On trial, this boat was found to sail one third faster than any other boat of the same tonnage, and had been tried with perfect success at Newhaven and other places.

Mr. J. W. Boswell received a gold medal for his contrivance for avoiding the surging of a cable or messenger, during the heaving of the anchor of a ship; by the common method of doing which, the lives of seamen were sometimes lost. Mr. Boswell also laid claim to part of Mr. Wilson's invention above.

Mr. F. C. Daniels received a gold medal for his life-preserver, or air tight leathern bag, for saving persons from drowning.

Mr. W. Hardy received a silver medal for his method of occasioning the long and short vibrations of the balance of a watch for nautical purposes, to be performed in equal times.

Mr. Henry Ward, of Blandford, received a silver medal for a new compensation pendulum for a clock, to vibrate equally in hot as in cold weather, consisting of two iron rods with one of zinc between them.

Mr. S. Mendham, the like, for a new watch escapement, whereby friction in the essential part of a chronometer is entirely obviated.

Mr. J. Broad, of Downing-street, the like, for a guage, or long pair of callipers, for taking the dimensions of standing timber. Two rods fourteen feet long turn on a pivot, and, when one end embraces the tree at the girt-

ing place, the other end shews the quarter girt on a graduated arc.

Mr. A. Stass, the like, for a machine for boot closers and others who sew flat-seams in leather, to enable them to work in a standing position.

A silver medal was delivered to Mr. William Bond, of Canada, in North America, but now in England, for his model of a simple machine to be worked by a stream of water, and removed before the frosts set in, for beating and preparing hemp, and for his useful information respecting the timber and warren-rabbits of the British colonies in Canada.

After several other premiums had been adjudged, Dr. Taylor concluded his address by acknowledging very valuable presents of scientific and useful boons for the library of the society, and mentioned that one hundred and forty-two new members had been elected within the past year.

MODERN DISCOVERIES,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE Rev. John Oldisworth, of Swansea, proposes to publish by subscription a new edition of Nicholls's Paraphrase on the Common Prayer and the Psalms of David, with some alterations and observations, taken from various eminent authors.

The Rev. J. H. Bransby, of Dudley, is preparing for the press, two volumes of serious practical Sermons, for the use of Unitarian Christians, particularly those who are the heads of families.

A new and splendid edition of Helvetius' Essays on the Mind, accompanied with an elegant portrait, will be published in a few days. To it will be prefixed a copious life of the author, and some original prefatory strictures on the work, by Mr. Mudford.

Miss Bower has in the press, a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, which is nearly ready for publication.

The fifth and last volume of Ogle's edition of Dr. Leighton's Works, is in considerable forwardness, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Card, author of the History of the Revolutions in Russia, has in the press, a Life of Charlemagne, which will be published in one vol. octavo.

Dr. Miller, public lecturer on chemistry at Edinburgh, has undertaken to prepare for the press, a new edition of Williams's Mineral Kingdom. He proposes to revise the original work with great care, to expunge all extraneous and irrelevant matter, to correct and polish the style, and to add to it whatever valuable discoveries may have been made in mineralogy since its publication. Dr. Miller has made an actual survey of all the principal mines in the kingdom; and this edition may be expected to be executed in a scientific manner. It will be in two volumes, octavo.

Dr. Walker has prepared for the press, An Essay on Vaccination; with some account of its rise and progress; of the authors who first established the practice; and the associations formed in the metropolis for its future propagation.

The second volume of Mr. Jones's History of Brecon is nearly completed for the press.

The Rev. Mr. Collinson has in the press, A Life of the Historian Thuanus, which will be comprised in an octavo volume. From the distinguished rank which Thuanus held amongst the literary men of his age, this promises to be an interesting volume.

Mr. Elton has nearly completed a poetical Translation of Hesiod, with dissertations and notes.

A volume of Poems, from the pen of Lord Byron, who is not yet of age, may shortly be expected.

Mr. Coleridge will shortly publish two new volumes of Poems.

Mr. Sowerby intends to publish a concise Prodromus of the British Minerals in his Cabinet, as a sort of Essay towards forming a new, natural, and easy arrangement with reference to his British Mineralogy, and designed for those who may find it more useful for a library than a tra-

velling book. A new edition of his Botanical Drawing-Book is also in the press, to which he has made great additions and improvements. Mr. S. has also in hand an Essay towards forming a new, useful, and universal Chromatic Scale, or list of colours.

Colonel Thornton, of sporting celebrity, is arranging for the press materials for Memoirs of his own Life. If we may judge by what the Colonel has already presented to the public, as the result of his literary and sporting labours, these memoirs must produce the most lively interest among those of his friends who are best acquainted with him.

Mr. Egerton Brydges has printed a Life of Lord Chancellor Egerton, with portraits of the Lord Chancellor and the late Bishop of Durham of that name. We believe this work is not published, though Mr. Brydges has presented a copy to some learned societies.

Sir Richard Hoare has ready for publication, a Tour in Ireland.

Mr. Malcolm has just finished at press the concluding volume of his Londinium Redivivum.

Dr. Nevin, who was exiled to America for the part he took in the rebellion in Ireland, and who at present resides at New York, is employed in writing the History of Ireland for the last twenty years; in which it is said he has made great progress.

The Clarendon Press is now employed in printing Wyttenbach's Notes on Plutarch's Morals, in quarto and octavo; an edition of Sophocles in Greek, with notes by Elmsley; the Clergyman's Instructor, being a kind of sequel to the Clergyman's Assistant; new editions of Davis's Cicero de Natura Deorum; Musgrave's Euripides; Florus; Homer's Iliad and Odyssey; Bishop Butler's Works, in two vols. octavo; and Shuckford's Connection.

FINE ARTS.

In the summer of 1804, a number of ancient allegorical, historical, and legendary paintings in fresco, were discovered on the walls of the chapel of the Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire. Drawings were made from them, at the time, by Mr. Thomas Fisher, who proposes to publish seventeen of them by subscription, with views and sections illustrating the architecture of the chapel. The greater number of these paintings represent various incidents relating to the finding, recovering, and at length placing the Holy Cross at the Gate of Jerusalem. They exhibit specimens of the art of painting in two distinct ages, but both prior to the Reformation; and were brought to light by the accidental removal of white-wash, during the repair of the chapel in 1804. The subsequent destruction of the originals suggests the propriety of now offering copies of them to the public. As specimens of the arts of painting and design in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, they will be found curious; especially to those who are fond of comparing the progressive advancement of this divine art from the rude beginnings of uninformed genius to the perfection of modern times. Descriptions of the paintings, and of the style and probable periods of their execution, will be annexed; and the size will be super-royal folio. The publication will be in three parts, at two guineas each.

Bohemia.

A periodical work is published at Prague, entitled, Hlasatel Cesky, or Bohemian Intelligencer, by John Negedly, LL.D. and Professor of the Bohemian Language and Literature in the University of Prague. The principal object of the editor is to improve the language and literature of Bohemia; and the articles in the numbers which have already appeared, are well calculated for that purpose, consisting chiefly of translations from Lucan, Cicero, Pope, the Messiah of Klopstock, and biographical accounts of eminent Bohemians.

There has been established at Prague a school for the deaf and dumb, which is supported by subscription. The children of those parents who are in good circumstances, are received into the House on paying annually 125 florins, for which sum they are provided with food, lodgings, and instruction; and the directors of this establishment are, by these means, enabled to afford gratuitously the same advantages to a certain number of deaf and dumb children belonging to poor parents. The whole is under the di-

rection of M. Florian Klein, who is assisted by several other able instructors.

Denmark.

The news which has been received at Copenhagen from M. Giesecke, who is making a geological and mineralogical survey of Iceland, is very satisfactory. He has made some useful discoveries at the foot of Mount Hecla and in the interior of the country.

France.

There is now living at Marseilles, a girl, called Rosalia-Zaccharia Ferriol, aged 10 years, and born in that city of French parents, who possesses all the characters of the Albinos. The colour of her skin is of a dull white; her hair is straight and somewhat harsh to the touch, and is of a shining white colour, as are likewise her eye-lashes and eyebrows. Her eyes are large and rolling, the iris being of a clear blue with red streaks; and the cornea of a bright and vivid red. The sensibility of the visual organs is very great, the child not being able to bear much light, that of the sun obliging her to close her eyes. This girl, though much deformed in person, enjoys good health, and has never been afflicted with any disease, except the small-pox. She is very fond of high seasoned food, is lively and intelligent: the father has chesnut coloured hair, and appears to enjoy good health; the mother is a brunette, strong, and neither her nor her husband have ever been afflicted with any severe disorder; she has had five children, who are all living, but never during pregnancy was indisposed more than women usually are. All her children, except the above girl, have chesnut coloured hair, and are perfectly well formed.

Holland.

Holland still possesses several artists, who maintain the glory of the ancient Dutch school. M. Buch, director of the academy of design, at Amsterdam, is estimated to be a good historical painter. The pictures of flowers and sea-pieces, by De Vanos, are spoken of with great praise. The landscapes of Haag and animals of Schouwman are much esteemed. Kuiper has exercised his pencil with success in allegorical pieces; and Portman has given specimens of distinguished talents in engraving Kuiper's two pictures of Peace and War. Vinckles and Hodges have long enjoyed the reputation of skilful engravers. Schwegman has obtained a prize, given by the National Economical Society, for a new invention of engraving, in imitation of chalk; and the society of Haarlem has bestowed another on Horstock, a painter of Alkmaer, who has found out a method of rendering water-colours more durable.

The Botanical Garden, at Leyden, occupies about four acres of land, and is kept in excellent order. The Botanical Gardens of Upsal and of the Dublin Society, are described as greatly superior in value and arrangement to this of Leyden. Amongst the plants are the remains of vegetable antiquity in the shape of a palm, which stands in a tub in the open air, supported by a thin frame of iron work. It is about fourteen feet high, and was raised from seed by the celebrated Carolus Clusius, who died professor at Leyden in 1609. This plant is said to be the palm mentioned by Linnæus in his *Prælectiones in Ordines Naturales Plantarum*, published by Giseke in 1792, at Hamburgh, which Linnæus suspected to be a *Chamærops*; but which, as Dr. Smith observes, his editor rightly refers to the *Rhapis flabelli formis*. It comes from China and Japan, and there is a tree of this kind, and about as large, in the Botanic Garden at Paris, and another at Pisa. In this garden is also the Ginkgo of the Chinese, a standard twenty feet high; Strelitzia Regina, which has never yet flowered in any garden out of England; the Olea laurifolia, a new species according to Van Royen; Royena lucida in flower as large as a moderate hawthorn-tree, and thought to be very handsome; and a singular plant from the Cape, supposed to be an *Echites*, with a large tuberous root raised high above the surface of the ground, two or three weak stems a foot high, and large dark brown flowers. In the University Library is Rauwolf's Herbarium, which is very magnificent, and the plants well preserved; also Boccone's Herbarium of the plants described in his Fasciculus Plantarum, published by Morison, at Oxford, in 1674—these specimens are very poor; Herman's Collection of Ceylon plants is also

here, and a volume of West-India plants belonging to Herman, which are very scarce in Holland.

Italy.

An old national diversion has lately been revived at Pisa, by order of the Queen of Etruria. It is called *Giuoco del Ponte*. As the river Arno divides the town into north and south, 180 inhabitants of the north quarter contend with an equal number of the south quarter for the possession of its marble bridge. They attack by divisions of 30; the struggle lasts three quarters of an hour, and consists in the parties pushing against and driving back each other. Those who penetrate beyond the middle of the bridge are proclaimed victors. The contest concludes with a splendid repast and a ball. Pisa having been founded by a Greek colony, this festival is thought to be a remnant of the ancient Greek games. It had ceased to be celebrated for the last 22 years.

There had long been in the city of Genoa an hexagonal vase, known by the name of *sacro catino*, the sacred plate, which was supposed to be an emerald, and, in consequence, of an inestimable value. On plundering Italy, during the last revolution, it was sent to Paris, and deposited on the 20th of November last, by the emperor's orders, in the cabinet of antiquities, in the Imperial Library. This vase was considered as a precious relic; and father Gaetano, a learned Augustin monk, published, in 1727, at Genoa, a dissertation, in which he inserted all the authorities that tended to prove that this was the very vase in which the paschal lamb had been offered to Christ and his Apostles, on the evening of his passion. He accounted for its falling into the hands of the Genoese in the following manner:—These people distinguished themselves in the first crusade, and particularly at the taking Cæsarea, in 1101. An immense booty was found in this place, which was divided into three parts, one of which consisted of nothing but the *sacro catino*. All the crusaders agreed that the Genoese should be recompensed for their intrepidity, in first entering the town, by having the first choice; and they chose the *sacro catino*. They kept it with the most sacred care, in an armoury, made in the wall of the cathedral at Genoa, and the keys of which were deposited with the most distinguished personages of the republic. No person was permitted to touch it; and it was shewn to the faithful only twice a year at a great festival. Thus it was not possible to examine whether the vase was an emerald or not; and this examination has just taken place by a commission of philosophers from the institute, consisting of Messrs. Guyton, Vanquelin, and Hauy. They have declared that the *sacro catino* is nothing more than a lump of coloured glass; but they think it worthy of preservation, on account of its having been such an object of piety, and because it is a curious specimen of the art of glass making in the lower empire at such an early period. It is supposed to have been made at the time when Constantine established the seat of his empire at Byzantium.

Sardinia.

The Baron de Prunner, a Captain of Chasseurs, founded in 1804, at Caligari, a society, denominated The Royal Society of Agriculture and Rural Economy, which boasts of several distinguished foreigners as corresponding members.

Sweden.

It is intended to establish in Sweden an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, their number being very considerable in that country. In the dioceses alone of Upsal, Vexio, Calmar, Ikera, and Carlstadt, more than 280 of these unfortunate people have been enumerated.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

JOHN CHARNOCK, Esq. F.A.S. *whose Death was announced at* p. 466.

IT is worthy of remark, that although common conjecture would be apt to imagine otherwise, the life of an author seldom wants interest, or matter of entertainment. The notion that it is necessarily composed of a series of peaceful years, dedicated to science and the *belles lettres*, free from those

events which mark the story of the man engaged in the bustle of the world, is erroneous. Vicissitude is generally at hand to chequer, and disappointment to blur the pages of the annals of the man of genius. Egregious opinions, or eccentricities of habit, the result perhaps of strong but noble passions, may occasion the mind to swerve from the consideration of its proper interests; may mar the prospects of life, or retard the fortunes of the man of merit. The present memoir will verify the truth of our assertion.

John Charnock, Esq. was born Nov. 28, in the year 1736; and was descended from an ancient and respectable family. There was a Sir John Charnock, a baronet, who died in the year 1680, but whose heir left the country and was not heard of afterwards, unless in the person (which is the most probable fact) of a Stephen Charnock, who, twelve years afterwards, went from Boston in New England to Barbadoes, where he settled some time in the year 1690, and from whom the subject of this memoir, who was the son of John Charnock, Esq. and Frances daughter of Thos. Boothby, of Chingford, in the county of Essex, both now alive, was lineally descended.

Mr. Charnock was, in the year 1767, placed under the care of the Rev. Reynell Cotton, at Winchester; from whence he removed, in 1772, to the college, and was under the immediate protection of the Rev. Dr. Warton, being a commoner. In the year 1773 or 1774, he obtained the silver medal annually bestowed for elocution; and about the latter part of 1774, he was entered a gentleman commoner of Merton College, Oxford.

The expectations of Mr Charnock were such as to make the pursuit of a profession inconsequential; he was, however, it appears, a volunteer in the navy in his youth, we believe with his friend the late Capt. Locker, where he acquired that knowledge of naval tactics which enabled him afterwards to present to the world several useful and elegant works; and that he was since in the army. The politics of the times, also, engaged Mr. Charnock's attention: he had naturally a strong and active mind, full of power and discernment, and pure from venality or corruption. His first work was a pamphlet, entitled *The Rights of a free People*, 1792, which was written with much spirit. His next was the *Biographia Navalis*, a faithful record of the achievements of that class of heroes who are indigenous to the climate of England only, and who continue to be its great glory and protection.

In the year 1798, Mr. Charnock published a pamphlet *On Finance and National Defence*; which was followed by an elaborate work, in three vols. quarto, entitled *Marine Architecture*, on which much praise has been deservedly bestowed.

Mr. Charnock's last work was the *Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, with Observations critical and explanatory*; and perhaps never were richer materials afforded to a biographer than in the life of that naval officer: — replete with the grandest scenery and effect, it would seem that the author had little else to do than describe the engagements in which the hero had fought, ever glorious, and ever ending in victory. The nobleness of the theme, however, though an advantage to a narrator on one hand, demanded on the other a considerable portion of talent and information to do justice to it; and perhaps few, if any, were better qualified for the task than the gentleman who is the subject of this memoir. Well read in naval history, stored with naval anecdote, a master of naval tactics, and himself a living witness of the hero's fame; he might be said to have had all the parts of his work prepared to hand, and which only required to be put together. Subjoined to this volume were some original valuable private letters of Lord Nelson, given exclusively to the author by a private friend, and which bear the character of his Lordship's mind and manner; plain, but not inelegant; clear, but not diffuse; and which prove sufficiently that the hero of Trafalgar was as gentle and social in private life, as in his public he was brave and full of glory. This interesting and well-written volume will long have a distinguished place in the libraries, for the authentic intelligence it affords, and for the masterly manner in which the character of the hero is displayed.

Besides the above works, Mr. Char-

nock has contributed, from time to time, a variety of interesting articles to this Magazine; the readers of which have lost a valuable correspondent, particularly in the department of naval biography.

We should be happy if we could pursue the narration of this gentleman's life through that brilliant career of success which his talents, estimable character, and expectations might justly have promised; but the duty of the biographer is to relate the truth. Whether Mr. Charnock miscalculated his prospects, exceeded his income, or suffered from the natural openness and liberality of his disposition, which was but too inviting to the artful and avaricious, we cannot pretend to say; but the latter years of his life were certainly obnoxious to many unpleasant disappointments, and to a result which it is not necessary for us in this memoir to explain.

Mr. Charnock died on the 15th day of May, 1807, in the 51st year of his age, and was interred at Lee, in the county of Kent.

Some incidents in the life of Mr. Charnock bear a resemblance to the history of the unfortunate Savage; but on that subject the biographer shall touch with peculiar delicacy: certain it is, however, that even in his last illness he wanted countenance and protection where it might most naturally have been expected. It frequently appears, in the affairs of men, that something is left, as it were, for the greater work of retribution beyond the grave.

The character of Mr. Charnock was such as obtained him, through life, the friendship of great and good men. He was, when a youth, highly esteemed by Dr. Warton; and his latter years were soothed with the enlightened conversation of many public characters, among whom we may rank Colonel Beaufoy, Mr. Coomb, Mr. Lodge, &c. He was a kind friend, social, and benevolent; full of anecdote, and not without humour: an honest irritability against meanness, baseness, or oppression, sometimes indeed broke forth in his discourse, and which at times the slight oppositions of argument even would produce; nevertheless there was a nobleness and generosity in his mind, that would not suffer him to preserve resentment where the slightest apology or atonement was offered, which instantly subdued the *assumed* dignity of the offended. Mr. Charnock had been often, in the society of his particular friends, compared to the character of *Sir Christopher Curry*, in the comedy of *Inkle and Yarico*, and with which pleasant satire he was never displeased. He had in his mind all the dignity of an honest man, and his manners displayed the solid attainments of the gentleman of the old school: his independent spirit, indeed, at times, we believe, warred against his interests in the affairs of the world.

Mr. Charnock has left a widow, a lady of many estimable virtues, and for whom it is hoped some provision will be made.

We understand that, previous to his death, Mr. Charnock was occupied in editing a new and improved edition of *Falconer's Marine Dictionary*, and which laborious work he left nearly completed; as he did also an ingenious invention entitled the *Soldier's Pastime*.

Rev. Dr. DOUGLAS, *Bishop of Salisbury, whose death was announced at page* 477.

THIS distinguished prelate and literary veteran was a native of Scotland, and was born in the year 1721. His first education was at Glasgow, from whence he removed to Oxford and entered a student of Baliol College, where he obtained a fellowship, and proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts, Oct. 14, 1743, and accumulated the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, May 6, 1758. Shortly after he had taken orders, he was presented to the rectory of Eaton Constantine, in Shropshire, on the presentation of the Earl of Bradford. Mr. Douglas was at this time tutor to the son of the Earl of Bath, and therefore did not reside much upon his living; he, however, commenced his literary career at this place, and laid the foundation of his future advancement in life. In 1747, William Lauder, a native of Edinburgh and a schoolmaster in Scotland, a man of considerable talents and learning, excited general attention by a most fla-

gitious and unaccountable attempt to subvert the reputation of Milton, by shewing him to have been little better than a copier or translator of the works of others. He charged him, not in very gentle terms, with having borrowed, or more properly speaking, with having stolen, the plan, the arrangement, the division, and indeed the whole superstructure of his Paradise Lost, from some obscure Latin poets of modern date, without the least acknowledgment of his obligation to their superior genius. This attempt, as bold as it was iniquitous and vile, was first made in a series of letters, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, in the year 1747, to which he gave the title of "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns." Answers were given to this essay through the same channel, but they failed of their object in vindicating the fame of Milton, because none of them pointed out the fraud of which his calumniator had been guilty. Flushed with his apparent success, Lauder ventured, in 1750, to publish his essay at large in a separate form, in which he dwelt upon the supposed plagiarisms of Milton, in a strain of triumph and impudence, which, excepting the forgery of the Skakspeare papers by Ireland, it would be difficult to parallel in the history of literary imposture.

Several long passages were specified by him, and pointed out as being little more than an English version of certain poems, by Masenius, Grotius, Staphoristius, Fox, and others, whose names were scarcely ever heard of before, as having existence in the literary world. Many became the dupes of the fraud; and among others, strange to say, Dr. Johnson himself, who, on the papers printed in the Gentleman's Magazine being collected into a volume, was so far imposed upon as to be drawn to write a preface which was prefixed to them. One passage from this scarce and curious performance may be amusing to the reader, as displaying the spirit of Lauder and his unblushing effrontery:—"And here," says he, "I could produce a whole cloud of witnesses as fresh vouchers of the truth of my assertions, with whose fine sentiments, as so many gay feathers, Milton has plumed himself; like one who would adorn a garland with flowers, secretly taken out of various gardens; or a crown with jewels, stolen from the different diadems or repositories of princes, by which means he shines indeed, but with the borrowed lustre of surreptitious majesty." The admirers of Milton were astonished at the boldness of his assailant, and most of them were appalled at the sight of the numerous passages in which the parallel readings were too striking to have been casual or common to different writers.

Such was the anxious state of the literary world, that every one wished to clear our immortal bard from the weighty charge brought against him; but it seemed to be a consummation rather to be desired than hoped for, when Mr. Douglas, who was too cool an observer to be misled by evidence which appeared in many points extremely defective, having examined the subject with commendable attention found reason to conclude that the whole was a most glaring fabrication and imposture. He published, in consequence, in 1750, a most able and masterly reply to the Scotch critic, in a pamphlet, which appeared in the form of a letter, addressed to the Earl of Bath, entitled "Milton vindicated from the charge of Plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder." In this tract, Mr. Douglas defended Milton from the alleged plagiarism, by shewing that an author may, on many occasions, and with the greatest propriety, avail himself of the suggestions and even adopt the very ideas of other writers without being chargeable with servilely copying and imitating them. This he shews to have been done by the first poets, by Virgil and others, without leading to any suspicion of their deficiency of original invention and poetical abilities, and justifies on the authority of Longinus and other critics of eminence.

Supposing therefore that Mr. Lauder could make good his assertion that Milton had actually borrowed the leading thoughts which form the subject of some of his books, Mr. Douglas denies that he is chargeable with plagiarism. Mr. Douglas, however, would not admit that Milton, in any material passage, had copied the plan and ideas of others, and therefore proceeds to

charge the accuser with the forgery, and the wilful interpolation of the lines on which he principally grounds his accusation. To substantiate this charge Mr. Douglas was at the trouble to collate and examine, with the nicest care, the Latin extracts, which Lauder had given as the supposed originals of Milton's most admired passages. By inspecting a copy of Staphoristius in the Bodleian Library, Mr. Douglas discovered several variations in Lauder's extracts, and several lines added, evidently by design, which on further examination proved to be part of Hogg's Latin translation of Paradise Lost; "so that our famous critic," says Mr. Douglas, "would fix the charge of plagiarism upon Milton for stealing from his own translator." Lauder adduced also a verse and a half, in English, which he said were Milton's, and which were certainly a translation from Grotius, but on investigation they were nowhere to be found in Paradise Lost, but were conjured up by the genius of Lauder, to add weight to his imposition.

The detection of this infamous fraud was so complete, that Lauder's booksellers insisted on his disproving the charge, by producing his vouchers in correct editions of the works which he had mentioned, or of confessing his guilt. Lauder chose the latter, and, in a letter which was published, he assigned the reasons for his conduct, and his pretended contrition for the offence. That this expression of contrition was pretended is certain, for the impostor published soon afterwards another attack on the character of Milton, charging him with having made additions to the *Icon Basilikè* of King Charles I. for the purpose of injuring that monarch's reputation. This calumny was soon made manifest, and Lauder was rendered so infamous, that he quitted the country, and died some years after in the island of Barbadoes.

In 1754, Mr. Douglas published his most valuable work, entitled "The Criterion; or, Miracles Examined." This judicious and able production was designed as a refutation of the specious objections of Hume and other unbelievers, to the reality of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. Mr. Hume had maintained in effect, that there was as good and satisfactory evidence to prove the genuineness of the miracles related to have taken place among the ancient heathens, and those said to have been wrought in later times in the church of Rome, by the sainted votaries of her communion, as there was to support that of the miracles recorded by the Evangelists, as resulting from the divine power of Jesus. This assertion Mr. Douglas refuted, by pointing out the plain difference between true and false miracles, as well as the manifest difference which the most careless examiner might perceive, in the weight and degree of evidence by which they are severally attended. This excellent book having become very scarce and dear, was reprinted a few months since, being the last literary undertaking in which its venerable author engaged, and which ought to be carefully and attentively read by every young person, who will find it admirably adapted to fortify the mind on an important subject against the artful attacks of infidelity.

His next literary engagement was in detecting the pretensions of Archibald Bower, author of the Lives of the Popes. Bower was a native of Scotland, educated in Italy, and belonged to the society of Jesuits; he had filled a situation in the Court of the Inquisition, at Macerata, in Italy, which country he was obliged to quit in consequence of a shameful dereliction of duty, and after many extraordinary adventures arrived in this country, where he contrived to interest the public in his behalf, by foisting up a most pitiable romance, as the alleged cause of his precipitate flight, and by pretending to be a persecuted convert from popery to protestantism. Here he publicly abjured the Romish religion, and obtained some powerful friends. Having accumulated some money, he paid it to a Mr. Hill, a jesuit, and in consequence was readmitted into the society in 1744, but afterwards quarrelling with his associates he recovered his money by a suit at law.

When his History of the Popes came out, his negociations with the jesuits were made public, and several pamphlets were published by him and his adversaries. But his falsehood

and hardened hypocrisy could not escape the penetration and assiduity of Mr. Douglas; he perforated the veil of imposture, and exposed the delinquent to the contempt and indignation of an insulted public.

The victory was not, however, gained without severe struggles; the controversy was carried to considerable length, and maintained by both parties with great ability, but with widely different tempers; and the result was as honourable to the one as it was mortifying and disgraceful to the other.

The service done by these several publications of Mr. Douglas to the cause of literature and religion, greatly advanced his reputation among literary men, and gained him many friends in the first circles of society, and among others secured him the esteem of Ld. Bath, who, on his death, in 1769, bequeathed him the whole of his valuable library. He was received a member of the Essex-street literary club, and was one of the St. James's coffee-house party, who came under Goldsmith's lash, in his poem of Retaliation, in which he was described in the following line:

"And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain."

In 1757, he was presented to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Durham, in which he took his degree of Doctor in Divinity. In 1762, he was appointed one of the canons of Windsor; and, in 1766, was made a canon of St. Paul's. In 1788, he was once more removed to Windsor, and advanced to the deanery of that church. His next elevation was to the episcopal bench, in 1788, bring promoted to the see of Carlisle, on the death of that distinguished prelate Dr. Law; and, in 1791, on the removal of Dr. Barrington to the see of Durham, he was translated to Salisbury, and made chancellor of the Order of the Garter, an honour attached to that see. During these years, Dr. Douglas did not enjoy in idleness the rewards which his talents and literary industry had procured him.

On the return of the ships which had been sent out on the voyage of discovery, under Captain Cook, the care of examining, arranging, and preparing for the press the journals and observations, which had been made during the expedition, was committed to him; and it is almost superfluous to add that he completed his undertaking to the greatest satisfaction of all who were competent to judge. He prefixed to the work an elaborate and excellent introduction; in which he gave a succinct view of the progress of maritime discovery down to the time of Cook, and pointed out the great general benefits likely to result from the voyages of that navigator; and he concluded with some moral reflections naturally suggested by the subject, and a dissertation on the original population of the continent of America and the islands on its western shores. The curious reader will find in this introduction many things worthy of notice.

Dr. Douglas married, in April, 1765, Miss Rooke. His character as an enlightened scholar stands deservedly high; he was a warm friend to men of learning and genius, however they might differ from him in religious opinions, and as a proof of his liberal spirit in this respect, it may be mentioned, as a circumstance equally honourable to both parties, that the late Dr. Price used to be a frequent and favourite guest at his table. His episcopal character will be a subject of universal admiration, and benevolence and candour distinguished him in private life. Regular in the discharge of the duties of his high station, he commanded the love and respect of his whole diocese. In short, as a dignified clergyman and scholar, a gentleman and a christian, he was equally respected and admired. His death took place at Windsor, on the 18th of May, 1807; and, on the 25th of the same month, his remains were removed from his house, in Windsor Castle Yard, to the west door of the cathedral, where they were received by all the gentlemen belonging to the church. The gentlemen of the choir sung a Funeral Service up the middle aisle into St. George's chapel. The procession proceeded in the following order:

The Porter of the Cathedral, with his silver staff, covered with black silk;
The six poor Naval Officers, who have an establishment at Windsor, two and two;
The twelve poor Knights of Windsor, two and two;
Ten singing boys, two and two;

Twelve Laymen Clerks, two and two, singing the service, likewise the boys;
Six Minor Canons, two and two;
The Verger, with his silver staff, covered with black silk;
Six Canons, two and two;
The two porters of the Church;
Plume of feathers;
THE BODY;
The Rev. Drs Coxe and Browning held up the front of the pall;
The Rev. Mr. Griffadier and the Rev. Mr. Tew held up the end of the pall;
The Chief Mourner was the deceased's son, the Rev. William Douglas;
He was followed by Col. Rooke and Son, Dr. Lind, and Mr. Battiscomb;
The Servants of the Family, &c. &c.

After the service was performed in St. George's Chapel, the body was brought out in the same order, down the middle aisle, and up the side aisles, and the burial service sung into Bray Chapel, where the body was deposited in the family vault.

The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Champneys.

The Duke of Sussex attended the funeral, and sat in his stall, in the chapel, during the service.

The service and all the music were the same as performed at Lord Nelson's funeral.

Rev. GEORGE WALKER, *whose Death was announced at page* 466.

MR. WALKER was born about the year 1734, at Newcastle upon Tyne, in which town his father was a respectable tradesman. He was sent at an early age to the free school of his native place, then under the care of the Rev. Dr. Moises. In this seminary he gave very early tokens of an uncommon capacity for literary acquirements; and passed some years with the advantage that might be expected under a master whose professional reputation was very high, and whose success in instruction has been proved by the eminence to which several of his pupils have risen, among whom may be enumerated the present Lord Chancellor, and his brother, Sir William Scott. It may be interesting to mention that Mr. Walker, about four years since, visited his first venerable instructor, then in extreme old age, who gave him a most cordial reception, and spoke of him as one whom he had a pride in numbering among his scholars, and who had fully realized his expectations concerning his future proficiency.

At the age of ten, he was sent to his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Walker, a dissenting minister of great respectability at Durham, who had hitherto directed his education, and continued to superintend it with the view of fitting him for his own profession. In this city he pursued his classical studies in the grammar school, then flourishing under a head master of great abilities, whom his scholar always recollected with a kind of enthusiastic veneration. He was thoroughly grounded in the Greek and Latin languages, and was, besides, furnished with much general knowledge from his uncle's instructions, when he was removed to the University of Edinburgh. He was there a pupil of that eminent mathematician Dr. Matthew Stewart, from whom he imbibed that pure and elegant taste in mathematical speculations, by which both tutor and pupil have been so much distinguished. He did not, however, find this school favourable to those theological studies on which his mind was principally bent; and he removed to the University of Glasgow, then in reputation for its lectures in divinity and moral philosophy, and there completed his education.

Mr. Walker's first settlement as a minister was at Durham, about the year 1756, as the successor of his uncle, who had removed to Leeds. He continued there about seven years, and then accepted an invitation to Yarmouth. Of the general respect and esteem which he enjoyed in that place during a residence of several years, there are still living witnesses. Few men, indeed, have been better qualified to shine and interest in society. Well acquainted with all the best authors, especially in history, ancient and modern; accustomed to a free and enlarged discussion of topics of the greatest importance to mankind; and gifted with a warm and copious eloquence, he attracted general notice and deference in conversation. At the same time, his thoroughly amiable and benevolent disposition, his cheerful, open, and companionable nature, and his unaffected simplicity, endeared him in an

uncommon degree to all within the sphere of his intimacy. He married at Yarmouth in 1772, and not long after removed to Warrington, as mathematical tutor in the academy at that place.

To the affection and regard which he inspired in the breasts of all with whom he was connected in that institution, the writer of this can bear a heartfelt testimony, as he had the happiness of being one of the social circle to which he imparted so much animation. He had, unfortunately, too much cause to be dissatisfied by the failure of the moderate expectations of emolument which were held out to him on his removal; but, in fact, the *alma mater* of Warrington was ever a niggardly recompenser of the distinguished abilities and virtues which were enlisted in her service. Mr. Walker, while a single man, had exercised a prudent economy, which had enabled him to collect a valuable library, and also to indulge his taste for prints, of which he possessed a number of specimens from the early Italian and other masters, purchased with judgment, and at a price greatly inferior to that which they at present bear. As a housekeeper, his inclination led him to a boundless hospitality; and though his personal habits of life were simple and unexpensive, in the calls of charity and of social entertainment he knew no stint. At what period he became a fellow of the Royal Society, cannot be ascertained; but he was so when he printed at Warrington, his "Doctrine of the Sphere," a quarto volume published in 1775, with many plates of a peculiar construction, and which cost him much labour. This, I believe, is considered by the best judges as a very complete treatise on the subject, and an example of the purest method of geometrical demonstration.

He removed about the beginning of 1775 to Nottingham, to occupy the station of one of the ministers of the High Pavement Meeting.

This town was the place of his longest residence, and the scene of his principal activity as a *public character*. Mr. Walker had long been a deep thinker upon political subjects, and had imbibed, with all the ardour and decision of his character, those principles of civil and religious liberty, which are by many regarded as fundamental to a free constitution, and of the highest importance to human society. Nottingham is one of the few places in this kingdom in which such principles are allied to municipal powers and magistracy; he had, therefore, a large field for extending the influence of his knowledge and eloquence over public assemblies. As the period of his residence there comprehended the whole of the American war, the efforts made for the reform of parliament, the first applications for the abolition of the slave trade, and the discussion of various other important points, his advice and assistance were frequently called for in political measures adopted by the town and corporation of Nottingham; and nearly all the petitions which at different times were thence addressed to the king and house of commons, were the productions of his pen, and were marked with his characteristic energy of language and sentiment. One of these, the petition for recognizing American independence, made such an impression on the mind of Mr. Burke, then a distinguished champion of the same cause, that in the debate consequent upon it, he declared he had rather have been the author of that piece than of all his own compositions. Although, in the contest of parties, the zeal and warmth of Mr. Walker necessarily gave much occasional offence to persons in opposite interests, yet the kindness of his heart, and the even playful ease and cheerfulness of his social conversation, softened animosity, and would not permit those to hate the man, who hated his principles. It is needless to add, that by those who agreed with him in sentiments he was beloved and valued to the borders of enthusiasm.

The death of some of his most intimate friends, and the prospect of extending his usefulness in a different sphere of action, induced him, after a residence of twenty-four years at Nottingham, to accept the post of theological tutor and superintendant of the dissenting academy at Manchester, which was in some degree the successor of that at Warrington, though upon a more contracted scale. Al-

though, in point of extent of knowledge, and disinterested zeal in performing the duties of his office, Mr. Walker was excellently qualified for such a situation, yet it must be confessed, that an habitual want of punctuality, and a forgetfulness of engagements, occasioned by the ardour with which he entered into any present subject of meditation or discussion, were unfavourable to the maintenance of that order and discipline which are essential to an institution for education. His advancing years likewise rendered the labours of such a charge more burdensome to him; and at the same time the institution was languishing under some external causes of decline. At length, the whole burthen of theological, classical, and mathematical tuition, having fallen upon him, he found himself unequal to the task, and finally resigned his office. It should be added, that during his residence at Manchester, he was an active member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of that place, before which he read several papers, and which, upon the decease of Dr. Perceval, chose him for its president.

His final removal was to the village of Wavertree, near Liverpool, which situation was selected by him on account of its vicinity to some warm and congenial friends, with whom he hoped to spend the tranquil evening of his days. His principal employment here was to revise and put into order his various compositions, both printed and manuscript. He had published several single sermons on particular occasions whilst at Nottingham, and had printed two volumes of sermons in 1790. These were all distinguished by singular spirit and vivacity of expression, and a manly, fervid, and original cast of thought. He had also written an "Appeal to the People of England" upon the subject of the test laws, which was considered as a piece of peculiar excellence by that liberal and enlightened statesman, the late Mr. Fox. Besides his work on the Sphere, he had published the first part of a "Treatise on Conic Sections," a work worthy of his mathematical reputation. The republication of his Sermons, with the addition of two more volumes, and also of two volumes of Philosophical Essays, was an important concern which brought him to London in the spring of the present year. Soon after his arrival, the writer of this was favoured with a visit from him of great cordiality, in which he pathetically observed, that they two were the only remaining relics of the Warrington Academical Society. Mr. Walker appeared not at all declined in health and spirits, though with some marks of increased age. He himself, however, was probably conscious of more debility than was apparent; for he dropped several expressions denoting that he did not expect long to survive. He was soon after attacked with what seemed to be a severe lumbago, which rendered motion extremely painful, and fixed him, at first to his chair, and then to his bed. His recollection at the same time became sensibly impaired, and at length totally left him. Under these symptoms he rapidly sunk; and on the morning of April 21st, after an act of fervent prayer, expressed by his folded hands, when the power of articulation was nearly gone, he calmly resigned his soul to his Maker. From the house of his kind friend and former pupil, Mr. Smith, of Draper's Hall, with whom he had been a guest, his remains were carried, with a respectable attendance of friends, for interment in Bunhill Fields. He left a widow, together with one son and a daughter, married to Sir George Cayley, Bart. of Brompton House, near Scarborough.

This account must not be closed, without adding a sketch of Mr. Walker's character from the masterly hand of a friend who resembled him in several striking features, the late Gilbert Wakefield. In his "Memoirs," after giving a just estimate of Mr. Walker's intellectual talents and attainments, he thus proceeds: "But these qualifications, great and estimable as they are, constitute but a mean portion of his praise. Art thou looking, reader, like Æsop in the fable, for a man? Dost thou want an intrepid spirit in the cause of truth, liberty, and virtue—an undeviating rectitude of action—a boundless hospitality—a mind infinitely superior to every sensation of malice and resentment—a breast susceptible of the truest friendship,

and overflowing with the milk of human kindness—an ardour and enthusiasm in laudable pursuits, characteristic of magnanimity—an unwearied assiduity, even to his own hinderance, in public service? My experience can assure thee, that thy pursuit may cease, thy doubts be banished, and thy hope realized; for this is the man."

To such praise, which honours equally the giver and the receiver, it would be impertinent to make any other addition, than a testimony of its justice.

ENTERTAINMENTS AND EXHIBITIONS.

HAY-MARKET, June 15.—This theatre opened with the comedy of the *Heir at Law*. Much pains have been taken to prepare the house, and the improvements both ornamental and useful are considerable; among the latter, the new lobby is a great additional accommodation. Matthews in old Dowlas, and Fawcett in Dr. Pangloss, were much applauded. The farce was *Catch him who can*, and the whole went off with great spirit.

DRURY-LANE, June 16. This evening this theatre closed, after a season in which great exertions have been made for the gratification of the public. The play was *The Rivals*, and the entertainment *The Young Hussar*.

COVENT-GARDEN, June 23.—This theatre closed for the season this evening, with the tragedy of *Hamlet* and the most successful pantomime of *Mother Goose*. At the end of the play Mr. Kemble came forward, and returned thanks to the audience.

VAUXHALL, June 15.—The delightful gardens of this place opened for the season, this evening, under the direction and management of Mr. Perkins, and were crowded with elegant company.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

NO POPERY! NO POPERY! NO POPERY! This tocsin of the ministerial party ceases to alarm, yet let it not be forgotten by those who are not of that party, or indeed by any one who has at heart the good of his country. Popery is a complication of mischief; wherever it is to be found, it injures the heart, and destroys the understanding. But we do not speak of the Popery only of Rome. The power of that See is sinking fast into contempt. The Popery of the Protestants is just as bad, or worse: for, pretending to separate from that base church, if they rake in the worst of its errors, their superior knowlege renders them only more criminal. We repeat it, Let Protestants beware of the leaven of Popery. It will ferment to as bad purposes in a meeting-house of Dissenters in the church of England, or in the church of Scotland, just as much as in the church of Rome. Protestants beware of the leaven of Popery. Reader! examine your heart; is it not working in your own bosom?

The men who raised this cry begin to be ashamed of it. It has not answered their purpose so much as they expected. They have begun to calculate; and they find that the public mind is far more enlightened than in the year 1780, and in the days of Sacheverell. Men begin to think; to examine into the nature of the cries raised by different factions, just as they suit a purpose. They wish to know, in what manner the great bulk of the country are benefited by this or that set of men coming into power, and deluging the country with another set of dependants. The cry has made the people of England, of Scotland, of Ireland, think of their religious differences. The Scotch, even the Scotch, have at last entered into very spirited resolutions on this subject. They say, and with reason, that the presbyterian church is as much an established church of this kingdom as the church of England: and well may they enter into spirited resolutions, for never was a nation in the eye of reason more degraded. Their principal men formerly, on coming to London, went to the meetings of their own persuasion; but it ceases to be the fashion. The supple Scotchman is a presbyterian in Scotland, and a

church of England man in England. Shame on such double minds. Their ancestors were of a different spirit, and we who regard with an equal eye both churches, and think that the less a man has to do with either of them, the better it is for him, are glad to see the Scotch enquiring why their brave men, who fight the battles of their country, are, on passing a river, subject to pains and penalties, because they do not profess a religion, established only in the southern part of the island. The subject is too ridiculous; and this cry of no popery will assuredly lead to the sweeping away of all religious tests, or confining them, if necessary, to those who are paid for teaching whatever the state may prescribe.

We mentioned in our last, that an occurrence had taken place, by which there seemed to be a probability of judging, whether and how far the church of England was carried away by the spirit of popery. The case of Mr. Stone, an aged presbyter of the church of England, is one of those by which churches are tried: just as the case of Professor Leslie at Edinburgh lately afforded an opportunity of judging the spirit of the presbyterian clergy in that district. No persons rejoiced more heartily than ourselves at the defeat of the presbyterian clergy upon that occasion; because they were interfering in a matter in which they had no business, and it is highly for the interest of every nation, to keep down as much as possible the spirit of priestcraft. The case of Mr. Stone is different. He is a clergyman of the church of England; and after a study of the holy scriptures for fifty years, has been giving to the public the result of his enquiries. He may doubtless be wrong, for all men are liable to error; but a man of seventy years of age, who has been making the scriptures his study for the whole of his life, is not to be lightly called in question for his opinions: at any rate, the persons who do call his opinions in question, should give us some reason to believe, that they are interested in the cause of religion, and that they are competent to examine the subject.

We thought that the controversy had been between the Bishop of London and Mr. Stone, both of them aged men, both of them men of learning and study from their youth. Such a controversy, conducted with christian temper, could not fail to have been edifying. The mildness of the paternal authority of the bishop would naturally have led him to enquire into the nature of Mr. Stone's opinions; to discuss them with the aged presbyter; to point out where the errors, if any errors there were, laid; and would have guarded the church, if necessary, against the repetition of them. But we find upon enquiry, that nothing of this kind has taken, or is likely to take place. The bishop has not exercised the mildness of paternal authority; he has not discussed with Mr. Stone; every thing as yet has been carried on with the high hand of authority; and, on examining the letters of Paul to Timothy and Titus, concerning the conduct of a bishop towards a presbyter, we cannot discover on what part of the scriptures the proceedings against Mr. Stone are founded.

There is a place in London called Doctor's Commons; a place behind St. Paul's, to the south of that church, inhabited by gentlemen called Doctors and Proctors. Here is a court of a good size, well suited for the hearing of causes: but for some reason or another this court is used for mere forms, and the greater part of the business is transacted in an adjoining parlour, where are seldom other persons present, besides those whom sad necessity or the business of the court constrains to be there. Mr. Stone has been cited, it seems, to appear in this court, for maintaining doctrines contrary to the church of England, and against an old law made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. To this citation Mr Stone appeared by his proctor, and protested against a cause of this kind being discussed by doctors and proctors; before a doctor, who is a knight also, and the education of all of them seemed very unlikely to lead them to a knowledge of the scriptures, which the church of England professes to make the ground of its faith. The protest, however, was in vain; for the judge has declared himself to be a competent judge of the controversy, and the accuser is to bring in his charges.

It is to be recollected that Mr. Stone preached a sermon by desire of the archdeacon, before a body of clergy. The reader might expect then, to hear that some of this body were the accusers. No such thing! The clergy have not accused him; nor has the bishop called him to account. It is a private individual, a Mr. Bishop. Not a bishop; but a Mr. Bishop: and what is more singular, this Mr. Bishop is a proctor; and this Mr. Bishop is not only a proctor, but the king's proctor; and what is very extraordinary, this Mr. Bishop did not bring his accusation forward, till just after the late ministry were dismissed, and the cry of no popery was raised. Now, if this Mr. Bishop has really at heart the good of religion; if he has really studied the scriptures; if he is really competent to discuss the subject; and if he dreads the promulgation of such doctrines as those taught by Mr. Stone; we lament only, that he did not enter first, as the church prescribes, into an amicable discussion on the points, on which they are at variance; but has taken a course, which assuredly excites suspicion, that punishment, not the conversion of an aged brother, is the object of his pursuits. It is a singular thing also, that a proctor should enter upon such a cause. Does he act for himself or for others? He has already employed three doctors. The question is of great importance to the clergy. We shall continue our remarks upon this curious cause as it goes on, as well as on a similar subject among the dissenters; among whom, one of their clergy has started a doctrine similar to that of Mr. Stone, and some of his hearers were for censuring instead of examining his opinions. So biassed are most people in all ages in favour of opinions, with which the chance of birth has filled their heads: so true is the remark of Gibbon, that it was an even chance at one time, whether the cross or the crescent should be fixed on the walls of Oxford.

The disputed contests for elections are over, and every one is looking to the grand contest in the House of Commons. Both parties are mustering their forces for an early day. and before this statement appears in public, the relative strength of the parties will be tolerably well ascertained. We shall observe only upon this point, that if the authority of the newspapers may be depended upon, an irregularity has taken place, introduced in these later and corrupt times, which deserves the severest animadversion. Mr. Perceval has written letters, according to the newspapers, to all the members of his party, desiring their earliest attendance, as matters of the greatest importance will be brought forward. But pray, who is this Mr. Perceval, that writes such letters? Is Mr. Perceval king of the country? Is Mr. Perceval vested with any authority for this purpose? Has not the king called his parliament only together? and have not the Speaker and the House the right to interfere with the appearance or non-appearance of their members? We shall be told that Mr. Perceval is Chancellor of the Exchequer. So much the worse. He is using the privilege of his office for a private purpose: he is exercising the authority of a servant of the crown in a matter which does not concern him. The House of Commons does not know the Chancellor of the Exchequer in its body. All the members are equal, and it is a great defect in our constitution, that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be permitted to have a seat amongst them. But his conduct arises from a variety of causes, which proceed from the degradation of the House of Commons, by the permission of placemen and pensioners to hold a place in that body. We despair of seeing Mr. Perceval called to account for writing this letter; but if he really did, he ought, in our opinion, to be brought to the bar of the House, and compelled on his knees to beg pardon for the insult offered to its dignity.

It will be curious, when the members are assembled, to calculate the price at which each holds his seat. Yorkshire sends only two members to parliament, and the contest for the seats is supposed to have cost between two and three hundred thousand pounds; and Mr. Wilberforce had more votes than return one third of the members of the House. Yet the vote of Mr. Wilberforce stands for

no more than the vote of the members for Melcombe Regis, or for New Romney, or for Old Sarum. What an absurdity! Every body is conscious of it. Every body allows it in private. Yet, if reform is spoken of, an outcry is raised, and it is attributed immediately to jacobinism and democracy. No wonder. The men, who raise this outcry, know their own business: they know, that if the House of Commons were made what it ought to be, they would no longer have the opportunity of plundering the country in the manner they have done for the last twenty years. It would be unaccountable almost, if we had not some means of ascertaining the point, that men of great landed property, the representatives of counties and large cities, should be contented to be placed on the same level with the purchaser of an insignificant borough. That one man should give himself an infinity of trouble and vexation, and spend from ten to a hundred thousand pounds for what another, sitting at his desk, and writing a check on his banker, gets, without trouble, for five thousand pounds. But we may talk of the constitution as long as we please, the spirit of it is fast evaporating. The House of Commons is the scene of influence, and rich men have sons and nephews and cousins to be provided for; and the nod of the minister of the crown is unfortunately of much more consequence with us than it is even in the most despotic country in Europe.

The triumph in Yorkshire was supposed to be great. It was celebrated by Lord Milton, and his friends, by a public dinner in London, and at that dinner the health of Mr. Wilberforce was not drank. But the real triumph was that of Mr. Wilberforce—it was the triumph of character over immense wealth and aristocratical influence. Mr. Wilberforce was upheld by the people; and the contest between the sons of two lords was a contest of pride and family spirit. Lord Milton, however, stood upon the old whig interest; and in this respect, if the whigs had not so fatally deceived our expectations, would have been entitled to the utmost support. At this dinner the heads of the party met, and there these honest whigs gave for a toast—Lord Grenville, and the men who dare be honest in the worst of times. What a strange association! Lord Grenville, the author of the gagging bills, the great friend of Mr. Pitt! If the whigs have chosen Lord Grenville for their head, they may be assured of this, that they will not find the people with them in their contest. At this dinner it was first held out, that no toast should be drank but what had a connection with Yorkshire, and on this account the triumph of Westminster, in the purity of election, was rejected. The rule was however broken in favour of Lord Grenville and Mr. Sheridan. By small circumstances the spirit of a company may be discovered; and we do not look for the reform of parliament to Lord Milton and his friends.

Yorkshire, besides the political struggle, entertained the public with a duel, and a more ridiculous one, on a more ridiculous occasion, was never fought. It was not between men of opposite sides, on some high principle of honour; but from two men of the same side, who the day before were intimate friends, and who risked their lives on a trifle. We should like to see these men in the field of real battle, against the enemies of their country, though their levity on this occasion gives no reason to expect that they would discover much of either skill or prowess, when such qualities were requisite. We hope that both of them are ashamed of their conduct; and that some friend will tell them, that there is still a British public, which looks with contempt upon such bravoes. In Ireland also, there has been duels, but this we expect from that country; and two rival candidates for a county decided the contest in a field by pisol and ball, instead of polling the freeholders, one receiving a ball through his heart. The Irish will in time learn better; but we must make allowances for their *egarements du cœur et de l'esprit:* for the quickness of their feelings, and want of sufficient intellectual balance.

The triumph of the Westminster election received an alloy in the apprehension of some persons, from the manner in which Sir F. Burdett returned his thanks to his constituents for the honour conferred upon him.

The honest baronet spoke plain truths in a plain manner, and the ins and outs were equally offended. A noble peer is said to have expressed himself in very plain terms also upon the occasion. On reading the advertisement he exclaimed, Damn the scoundrel for wishing it, but every word he says is true. We do not blame the honest baronet for his expressions. If he tells the people plainly that he despairs of doing good; this is much better than to act as those gentlemen did, who, under fair pretences and names of friends of the people, made great promises, not one of which did they perform, or attempt to perform, when they came into power. If the baronet uses the strange metaphor of a gang of robbers falling out about the division of the plunder, who can deny, that in the eagerness for places and pensions, and in the discoveries lately made of rapacity and peculation, there is too strong a ground for such a metaphor. If he exclaims in very bitter terms against the red-book, we see no reason why every page is to be involved in the same censure; and common sense and common candour would explain his expression in the obvious meaning. The baronet does not object to honours and rewards being bestowed on real merit; it is against the profusion of both on the undeserving, that he complains. But the whigs will not forgive Sir F. Burdett, because he points out to the root of the evil; he would leave to the king his entire prerogative, but he demands for the people the restoration of their privileges; he has undertaken a most arduous task; if he succeeds in it he will gain immortal honour; if he fails he fails in a great attempt.

Μεγαλως απολισθαινειν αμαξιηρ' ενγενες.

Domestic concerns have not entirely occupied the attention of the ministry Europe affords, indeed, sufficient business for the cabinet, and a vast expedition has been prepared. One thing is settled, that is, the appointments for the staff, and part of the German Legion is on board. Where it is to land, and what is its object, occasions various surmises. Some say Stralsund; all conjecture that it is for a point in the Baltic. Wherever it lands we do not apprehend that it will produce any effect whatsoever in the great contest, on which the fate of Europe depends. One point, however, must be gratifying to every Englishman—the German Legion is on board. Let it sail to any part of the earth, provided that it never brings back again to this country the German Legion, we shall be satisfied. If the island is not strong enough to defend itself by its own arms, the German Legion will not add to its strength; it is a disgrace to this country to stand in need, or to be supposed to stand in need, of such assistance.

A lesson has been given to this country, how far it can rely on foreign troops, by the conduct of some of them at Malta. A mutiny has taken place in that island among them, and a terrible destruction has been the consequence. How far it is at this moment quelled, what were the real causes of it, in what state that island is, we cannot ascertain; but it would be a sad reflection upon this country, if a post, which has occasioned such high political disagreements, should be lost by internal mismanagement. A great magazine, it is stated, has been blown up, and the insurgents maintained their ground for two or three days. We hope that the mutiny did not rise from one of those foolish causes, by which martinets frequently ruin an army, and disgrace a country; such as that shameful conduct which occasioned the massacre at Vellore, and a few years back very nearly lost us Gibraltar.

The news from Malta has been sufficiently afflicting, but the Mediterranean has been the scene of still greater calamity to the country. The strange and foolish conduct at Constantinople was a prelude to farther attacks on the Turkish empire. It was not probable, that defeated as we were in the Bosphorus, and having attacked the Turks, and brought on a war, we should not use our strength in other quarters. Egypt naturally presented itself. It had been a scene of triumph to the British arms. We were fully acquainted with the nature of the country. There could not be a doubt that, with proper conduct on

our part, it must easily be brought into subjection.

A British force has been landed in Egypt. It has taken Alexandria, and a British fleet had the command of the Nile. But the Turkish arms have a second time triumphed over the British; they drove our ships out of the Bosphorus, and the remains of those whom they have not slain in Egypt in battle, they have, we fear, driven to take refuge aboard our ships. The tale is a melancholy one, a disgraceful one, and, with the affairs of the Bosphorus, ought to be the subject of parliamentary enquiry. Our forces landed near Alexandria, and were soon in possession of the place. It was determined that Rosetta should be taken. A sufficient force was detached to that place; and by some strange misconduct in the commander, it marched into the town without the necessary precaution of ascertaining the disposition of the inhabitants, and the strength of its garrison. The commander relied it seems upon the friendly disposition of all parties. He marched incautiously into the town; and when sufficiently advanced in it, was attacked on all sides, by vollies from windows and the tops of houses, and was compelled to make a precipitate retreat. At a distance from the town he had a small interval of leisure to reflect upon his folly; but this interval was not long, for the garrison marched out against him, gave him battle, and destroyed upwards of a thousand of his men. He himself fell on the field of battle, and thus avoided, by his death, that enquiry which the defeat might have excited, if the same power, which has within these few years prevented enquiries into the misconduct of generals of armies, did not interfere to slur over this defeat. For our own parts we do not see why the land commander of an expedition should not be as regularly brought to a court-martial, in case of ill success, as the captain of a ship is for the loss of his ship.

The remains of the detachment to Rosetta, got back with great difficulty to Alexandria. Whether they were immediately embarked, or not, we do not know, but there can be little doubt that the Turks, spirited by success, and excited by indignation at our conduct at Constantinople, will give the troops at Alexandria little respite. We fear that there is an end to our expectations of this country being the means of restoring fertility to Egypt; and as the eastern shores of the Mediterranean are inaccessible to our merchantmen, we must for some time expect to be without the due degree of influence in that quarter. With Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria, in our hands, we might have defied the power of the French; but why we should have made the Turks our enemies without the certainty of taking possession of Egypt, we shall not give ourselves the trouble of conjecturing, till parliamentary papers have given us a better opportunity of passing a judgment upon these extraordinary transactions.

The Turks have been successful, not only against us, but against our allies the Russians; and it is said that they have compelled them to retire from Moldavia and Wallachia. The Turkish spirit being roused, would, if well directed, be capable of great efforts; and at any rate they must at present annoy very greatly the enemy. At this time the Russians are beginning to feel the war. Hitherto it has been merely play to them. They detached a horde of their barbarians to a great distance from their homes, and whether they returned or not was of little consequence to the despot. The war is now hovering over his frontiers, and in his dominions it is not easy to convey supplies from one quarter to another, and the expences of a campaign are severely felt.

The loss of Dantzic is the great feature of the war since our last report. After a strenuous resistance it surrendered, and its garrison marched out with military honours, under the condition of not serving against the French for a year. This time is quite sufficient for the emperor of the French to effect his purpose; and if the barbarians keep their promises, they will, unless a peace is made this summer, be made again prisoners in their own country. In Dantzic were military stores and provisions in great abundance, and by it the left wing of the French army is completely cover-

ed and protected. Strengthened in his positions, Bonaparte may now direct his troops more actively against the enemy, and probably by this time something important has been effected. The Russians must either fight him or retreat. His army now extends from Dantzic to Warsaw, and presents such a front as must require all the resolution of the Russians to attack. As to skill, that must be put in great measure out of the question. They cannot expect to conquer but by dint of animal strength; and wherever they can make a charge against equal numbers we do not doubt of their success.

The shores of the Baltic will probably direct the line of the French march. The Prussian sovereign must be made to evacuate the small part of territory that acknowledges his power. Koenigsberg, we should presume, is invested, or a battle has taken place to prevent it; but it is not easy to develope the schemes of Bonaparte. We do not hear of expeditions prepared by him many months before their execution. The blow is struck before the enemy knows of the preparation. But Bonaparte is really a commander-in-chief, and knows what persons are under his command, and when and how to employ them. Much has been talked of negociation, and of the interference of the Austrians. But the latter are grown wise by experience, and their court is making such reforms as may tend hereafter to make the people fond of their government, and willing to fight in its defence. They are sick of the mad and Quixotic schemes of Mr. Pitt and his adherents; they have learned that men are men, and that it is not by inveighing against innovation, or resting upon idle claims of ancient nobility, that a vigorous nation can be defeated. They are too wise to try again the force of the French arms, and are willing to leave the combatants to destroy each other in which manner they please.

Spain is marching troops to the support of their ally of France; and thus, if they cannot efficaciously support, they shew their zeal for his cause. Holland, it is said, is likely to undergo a species of revolution, but it is merely the change of its king. Their sovereign labours under the displeasure of the great king, for some family disputes, and is, in consequence, to be deposed, and another to be placed in his room. We should not be in the least surprised at such an event. Bonaparte may allow to many of his dependants to take upon them the name of king, but the title does not withdraw them from his authority. They are still his officers, and he can exalt or depress them as he pleases. So strangely has Europe changed its form, and from the outcry against republicans and democrats, it is deservedly subjected to the forms of the most absolute monarchy.

Denmark will soon be under the necessity of declaring herself. It is said, that if our expedition is to sail into the Baltic, this court will resist us, and its marine will be called out against us. It cannot be doubted, that Denmark will endeavour, as much as possible, to retain its neutrality; and it may be a stipulation with Bonaparte, that our fleets are not to enter the Baltic. In this case new arrangements will be formed, and the event of the great battle will decide them. It is the interest of the French to increase the power both of Denmark and Sweden, and the terms may be the use of their navy against us. For it cannot be doubted, that he will as soon as possible, bring the war to our own doors, and we cannot be too soon prepared against such a conflict.

The Americans have put in force the law they made against some of our ships. The Driver sloop appeared upon their coasts, and orders were immediately issued that no person should go on board of it, or supply it with provisions. The captain of the vessel was ordered also to retire, and he obeyed; but previously wrote a most insulting letter, inveighing bitterly against the President of the United States, and the law by which he was excluded from the rights of hospitality. We doubt, very much, the policy of such language, and the propriety of keeping such a vessel on the coast of America. The Americans had for a certain reason prohibited all intercourse between certain vessels of our and their shores. The reason was

founded upon an attack, which might have led to a war; but the Americans were contented with this simple and easy method of revenging the affront; and it may well be asked what England would have done if a Danish vessel had fired into a ship of ours, and killed one of our men off Dover. We trust that the matter will rest here. The intemperance of a seaman's language may easily be passed over; and the Americans have taught the civilized world a lesson which may be of great use in future generations. It is not necessary to go to war for every insult, or imaginary insult; a word and a blow is an expression suited for bullies and bravoes, not for nations professing Christianity.

In South America we are said to be successful, so much so, that Buenos Ayres again acknowledges our authority. If this is the case, we cannot doubt that the well-tried prudence of General Auchmuty will preserve that important country for us. With the possession of Monte Video we command an intercourse with Paraguay and the Portuguese settlements. If we retain Buenos Ayres we either establish a government for ourselves, or give independence to the South Americans. We cannot expect to keep possession of such a country for a great length of time, unless our future politics should materially differ from those which characterised the beginning of this reign; which lost us America, and gradually led us on to interfere with European attempts to obtain liberty—and loaded the country with taxes.

But all these subjects are absorbed in the meeting of parliament, which took place on the 22d of last month. The first act was to elect a speaker, and after appropriate compliments by Mr. C. Yorke and Mr. Bankes, who were the proposer and seconder; and judicious remarks by Mr. Calcraft and Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Abbot was called unanimously to his former station. He thanked the House with his usual dignity, and in the choice the whole country will concur. Mr. Calcraft made a very judicious observation on this occasion, and declared, that a chief reason for giving his vote to Mr. Abbot was, on account of his firmness on a very trying occasion, and the noble vote he gave against Lord Melville. Should he be called upon in a similar manner, we trust, that he will act as nobly; but we hope that this parliament will not possess within its bosom, any defenders of peculation, any abettors of corruption, any supporters of those who violate the law. We trust that it will do its duty to its king and country; and if not, that it may speedily be sent back to the country, and condemned to infamy. This parliament will soon be tried; it will soon be known of what metal they are composed. Whether they are brave men, solicitous to do their duty to God, their king, and their country, or a set of men more anxious for places and pensions, than attentive to the business of parliament. They have great and important business to perform; to scrutinize the abominably-wicked acts that have taken place within the last twenty years; and to manifest, by firmness and integrity, their determination to bring back the constitution to that point, where it was when, unfortunately for this country, and for mankind, Pitt, the pitiful taxmonger, was entrusted with the reins of government.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. BURDON's first letter will appear next month. His second will be seen this month, in the Provincial Occurrences, in our account of the York election. We wish, however, to observe here, that articles upon temporary and local politics are what we are least desirous of receiving: they become old before the Magazine is published.

The continuation of the Ex racts from Ælian will appear next month; as also the Twelfth Letter on the Management of the Poor.

The "Knocker," by M. H. is inadmissible.

The communication of "Duldius" has been received.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LIST *of the* MEMBERS *returned to serve in the* NEW PARLIAMENT, *for the several Counties, Cities, Boroughs, &c. in England and Wales, alphabetically arranged.*

Those marked thus †, were not in the last Parliament. Those marked thus *, are new *for the respective places*; all the rest are re-elected. The figure after the name shews in how many Parliaments the Member has served. Those marked thus §, are returned for more than one place.

Abingdon, †G. Knapp
Agmondesham, T. D. T. Drake, 4, T. T. Drake, 2
Alban's, St. J.W. Grimstone, 2, †J. Halsey
Aldborough, Suffolk, Sir J. Aubrey, 9, Col. M'Mahon, 2
Aldborough, Yorksh. G. Jones, 1, H. Fines, 1
Andover, T.A. Smith, 2, Hon. N. Fellowes, 2
Anglesea, †Hon. B. Paget
Appleby, *Lord Howick, 6, †J.R Cuthbert
Arundel, Sir A. Pigot, 2, Col. Wilder, 1
Ashburton, W. Palk, 3, †Lord C. Bentinck
Aylesbury, *Lord G. Cavendish § 8, G. Nugent, 1
Banbury, W. Praed, 2, D. North, equal on the poll
Barnstaple, W. Taylor, 1, †G.W. Thellusson
Bath, Lord J. Thynne, 3, J. Palmer, 3
Beaumaris, Lord Newborough, 3
Bedfordsh. F. Pym, 1, *Gen. Fitzpatrick § 9
Bedford Town, S. Whitbread, 3, W. L. Antonie, 2
Bedwin, *Sir J. Nicholl, 2, J.H. Leigh, 2
Beeralston, Lord Louvaine, 3, Hon. Capt. Percy, 1
Berkshire, G. Vansittart, 6, C. Dundas, 4
Berwick, †Sir A.M. Lockhart, †Col. Allen
Beverley, †Capt W.H. Vyse, J.H. Wharton 3
Bewdley, M. P. Andrews, 3
Bishop's Castle, W Clive, 8, J. Robinson, 3
Blechingly, W. Kenrick, 1, †T. Heathcote
Bodmin, D. Giddy, 2, †Sir W. Oglander
Boroughbridge, H. Hawkins, 1, W.H. Clinton, 1 [ley. 2
Bossiney, †Lord Rendlesham, J.A.S. Wort-
Boston, T. Fydell, 2, W.A. Maddocks, 2
Brackley, R H. Bradshaw, 2, A. Henderson, 2
Bramber, †Messrs. Burrell and Shelley
Breconshire, Colonel T Wood
Brecon Town. Sir R. Salusbury, 3
Bridgenorth, J.H. Browne, 8, J. Whitmore, 4
Bridgewater, †W. Thornton, †G. Pocock
Bridport, Sir E. Nepean. 2, *Sir S. Hood, 1
Bristol, Rt Hon. C.B. Bathurst, 4, E Baillie, 2
Buckinghamshire, Marq. Titchfield, 4, Earl Temple, 2
Buckingham Town, Rt Hon. T. Grenville, 5, †Hon. R Melville
Calne, J. Jekyl, 6, †H. Smith
Cambridgeshire, Lord C.S. Manners, 4, Rt. Hon. C. Yorke, 3
Cambridge University, Lord Euston, 7, †Sir V Gibbs [ners, 6
Cambridge Town, Gen. Finch, 6, Gen. Man-
Camelford, *Lord H. Petty, 2, R. Adair, 2
Canterbury, J. Baker, 3, †E. Taylor
Cardiff, Lord W. Stewart, 2
Cardiganshire, T. Johnes, 4
Cardigan Town, H. J. Vaughan, 3
Carlisle, J.C. Curwen, 4, W.S. Stanhope, 3
Carmarthenshire, *Lord R. Seymour, 4
Carmarthen Town, Admiral G Campbell, 1
Carnarvonshire, Sir R. Williams, 3
Carnarvon Town, Hon. C. Pager, 3
Castle Rising, R. Sharpe, 1, †Hon. C. Bagot
Cheshire, T. Cholmondeley, 3, D. Davenport, 1
Chester, Gen Grosvenor, 4, †J. Egerton
Chichester, G.W. Thomas, 6, †J. Dupre §
Chippenham, J. Maitland, 2, † Dawkins and Blake
Christchurch, Rt. Hon. G Rose, 5, W.S. Bourne, 3
Cirencester, M.H. Beech, 4, J. Cripps, 1
Clithero, Hon. R Curzon, 3, Hon. J. Cust, 2
Cockermouth, J. Lowther, 3, Jas. Graham, 2
Colchester, R. Thornton, 7, †R H. Davies
Corfic Castle, H. Banks, 7, †P. W. Baker
Cornwall, Sir W. Lemon, 9, J.H. Tremayne, 1
Coventry, P. More, 2, W. Mills, 1
Cricklade, Lord Porchester, 4, *J. Estcourt
Cumberland, Ld. Morpeth, 4, J. Lowther, 3
Dartmouth, E. Bastard 7, A.H. Holdsworth 2
Denbighshire, Sir W. W. Wynne, 4
Denbigh Town, R. M. Biddulph, 1
Derbyshire, §Lord G. Cavendish, 8, E.M. Mundy, 6
Derby Town, E. Coke, 7, W. Cavendish, 2
Devizes, J Smith, 6, T. G Estcourt, 2
Devonshire, Sir L. Palk, 6, J. P. Bastard, 7
Dorsetshire, W.M. Pitt, 7, E.B. Portman, 2
Dorchester, H.C. Ashly, 4, *R. Williams, 2
Dover, C. Jenkinson, 1, J. Jackson
Downton, Hon. B. Bouverie, 1, † Sir T. Plumer
Droitwich, Hon. A. Foley, 8, † Sir T.E. Winnington
Dunwich, Ld. Huntingfield, 5, S. Barne, 3
Durham County, Sir R. Milbanke, 4, † Sir H. V. Tempest
Durham City, R.J. Lambton 3, R. Wharton 1
East Looe, Capt. E. Butler, 2, †D. Vanderkeyden
Edmondsbury, Ld. C. Fitzroy, 2, Ld. Templetown, 2.
Essex, Col. J. Bullock, 8, Ad. E. Harvey, 2
Evesham, W. Manning, 4, †Sir M.M. Lopes
Exeter, Sir C.W. Bamfylde, J. Buller, 3
Eye, †M. Singleton, †Hon. H. Wellesley
Flintshire, Sir T. Mostyn, 3
Flint Town, †Col. Shipley [gram, 2
Fowey, Hn. Hon. R. P. Carew, 2, R. Wi-

Gatton, M. Wood, 2, †C B. Greenough
German's, St. *M. Montague, 1, Sir J. S. Yorke, 4
Glamorganshire, T. Wyndham, 3
Gloucestershire, Ad. Berkeley, 7, Lord H. R. Somerset, 2
Gloucester City, H. Howard, 4, R. Morris, 2
Grampound, †Hon. A. C. Johnstone, †Hon. G. A. Cochrane
Grantham, T. Thornton, 2, †W. E. Welby
Grimsby, G. A. Pelham, 2, †W. Ellice
Grinstead East, †Sir N. Holland, †C. R. Ellis
Guildford, Hon. T. C. Onslow, 1, †Hon. C. Norton
Hampshire, * Sir H. P. St. J. Mildmay, 3, †W Chute
Harwich, J. H. Addington 4 *W. Huskisson 2
Haslemere, Rt. Hon. C. Long, 6, †R. Ward
Hastings, *Rt. Hon. G. Canning, 4, †Sir A. Hume
Haverford West. Lord Kensington, 3
Helston, †Sir J. St. Aubyn, †R. Richards
Herefordsh. †Col. Foley, Sir J. G. Cottrell, 1
Hereford City, †Col. Symonds, 2, R. P. Scudamore, 2 [Seabright
Hertfordshire, *Hon. T. Brand, 1, †Sir J. S.
Hertford Town, Hon. E. S. Cowper, 2, N. N. Calvert, 2
Heydon, G. Johnstone, 3, A. Brown, 1
Heytesbury, *Ld. Fitzharris, 2, †C. Moore
Higham Ferrers, *Rt. Hon. W. Windham, 6
Hindon, B. Hobhouse, 3, W. Beckford, 1
Honiton, Hon. A. C. Bradshaw, 2, †Sir C. Hamilton
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‡ Where this mark is put, the returns are double: the sitting members to be determined by Committees of the House

No return for Callington has yet been made to the Crown Office.

The Irish and Scotch returns are not yet complete.

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REPORT OF DISEASES,

In the public and private Practice of one of the Physicians of the City Dispensary, from the 20th May, to the 20th June, 1807.

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IN our last report, we noticed the frequency of disease and death, among the infants of mankind; and that these evils arose from their mismanagement, or from a general oversight, of all the laws and institutions of Nature, in regard to their treatment.

The inferior animals, incapable of combining ideas, and drawing conclusions; not favoured with the boasted reasoning power of man, but wholly guided by the dictates of pure instinct, seldom, if ever, deviate from the laws and institutions of Nature. They vary not in their modes of life. They never employ, except from the most urgent necessity, any species of food but what is consonant to their nature; and in their general habits of life, they never pursue courses injurious to that constitution which Nature has be-towed upon them. They are, therefore, strangers to many of those diseases and calamities existing among mankind, which evidently owe their origin to deviations from the laws and institutions of Nature.

Thus, in the general economy of life, reason is a frail and erring guide, and instinct a much more sure and certain director. Observe also, that those animals more immediately under the direction of man, as horses, cows, and other domesticated animals, are much more subject to disease and death than wild animals, or the same species in the wild state. When left to the direction of their natural instincts, they enjoy uninterrupted health; but, subjugated by the caprice of man, they become partakers of his calamities.

Man, again, in the most uncultivated state, possesses, in a considerable degree, several of those advantages, which brute animals have over him. In proportion as the human race are less civilized, they are more guided by instinct, and are therefore proportionally strangers to the refined pleasures, as well as the miseries to which their more cultivated brethren are subject. It is, indeed, the province of reason to correct and prevent the impetuous action of our instincts and passions, and, as far as this is done, man arrives, with respect to temporal things, at the utmost perfection of which his nature is capable. But, unhappily, from the improper use of those mental faculties which so strikingly distinguish us from the inferior animals, we frequently observe the most capricious deviations from the laws and institutions of Nature, to which the uninformed savage, and the irrational animal, would most rigidly adhere. It follows, therefore, that in a considerable part of the ordinary conduct of life, instinct is a guide, upon whose direction, we can with much more safety rely, than on that of reason; and that much advantage may be derived, from an accurate knowledge of our own instincts, as well as those of the inferior animals.

Were it possible to ascertain with certainty what are indeed the natural instincts of man, we should, as far as these go, be possessed of an unerring

guide. But, among civilized nations, education has, in many instances, smothered, if not almost eradicated, many of our natural instincts. And, on the other hand, many customs founded on mere caprice, on the misapplication of our reasoning powers, have, by habit, acquired so great a degree of force, that we are liable, not unfrequently, to suppose them original instincts of our nature.

Again, if we search for the natural instincts of man among the savage nations, we shall also find ourselves involved in difficulties, and in danger of deception; for, though more immediately under the direction of this principle than civilized nations, yet we are unacquainted with any savage tribe among whom some mode of education does not exist, and by which the natural feelings and instincts of man are more or less perverted. And, in proportion to the prevalence of ignorance, and its concomitant, superstition, it is probable that, in some instances at least, their deviations from the laws and institutions of Nature, will be more absurd and preposterous.

Where then, are we to find precepts to guide us, in the right management of our infants? They are not to be found in civilized society; for there perverted reason reigns triumphant, and absurd and destructive practices universally prevail. Neither are they to be found among the savage nations; for they also, in some measure, forsake the paths of Nature, and follow their own inventions. Where, then, are they to be found? They are only to be found pure and undefiled among the inferior animals, where the dictates of Nature and of instinct reign free and uncontrou'ed, and where all their actions are strictly consonant to the nature and condition of their infantile offspring. And mark the effect—their offspring are free from pain, disease, and premature death.

Such, also, would be the case with our infants, were they treated according to the pure dictates and intentions of Nature. Thus treated, instead of pain they would have every agreeable sensation; instead of leanness and emaciation they would have plumpness; instead of distortion, and a stinted growth, they would have every beauty of shape, and a growth the most perfect. In one word, instead of disease and death, they would have life and health. Nature's economy would be perfect within them. Let us, therefore, hearken to the voice of Nature; relinquish our old practices and prejudices; forget as if we had never learned them; then see the institutions, intentions, and dictates of Nature in the treatment of our infants: see them illustrated, strengthened, and confirmed, by the example of those of our own species, who have not wandered so far from the paths of Nature; and by the conduct of the inferior animals, who know nothing but obedience to her institutions, her dictates, and her laws.

J. HERDMAN.

Old Broad-Street,
25th June, 1807.

APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*Oh, open the door.*" Written by Burns. The Music composed and dedicated to Miss Merle, by Wm. Holland. Price 1s. 6d.

WE suppose this to be one of Mr. Holland's first productions; and taking it for granted that it is so, we feel disposed to be merciful in our application of the lash of criticism. The melody, we must say, is pleasing, well adapted to the words, and discovers at least, a considerable portion of taste and ingenuity. But here we must stop; as we really cannot commend the general structure of his harmony. Nor do we approve of either of the symphonies. The time is $\frac{6}{8}$, but at the commencement of the fifth bar he goes into $\frac{3}{4}$ or triple time, without notice; and we must add without either rhyme or reason: for although it may be contended that six quavers are equal, in point of time or duration, to three crotchets, or that a minim and a crotchet together are also of equal measure; yet the divisions being wholly different, do certainly constitute triple time, and should be so de-

noted, as those bars cannot well be played in ⅗ time. We hope Mr. H. will study a little more, and endeavour to make himself fully acquainted with the principles of harmony; for though there are faults in the piece now before us, it has also its beauties. Z.

"*An Invocation to Sleep*," as sung at the principal concerts, Norwich, with the greatest applause. The words by Mr. Gent. Composed with an Accompaniment for the Harp and Piano Forte, by Wm. Fish. Price 1s. 6d.

The words of this pleasing and pathetic invocation are truly poetical; and Mr. Fish has enriched them with very appropriate music, in a style which is not above the reach of the generality of performers on those instruments for which it is intended. The subject is judiciously chosen, and well sustained throughout, and the bass with the accompaniment are neatly arranged. We think this little piece will become a favourite when generally known. Z.

"*Maria's Adieu*," as sung by Mr. Vaughan with the greatest applause; adapted from Professor Carlisle's translation of the original Arabic, and set to Music with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, by W. Fish. Price 1s. 6d.

What we have said of the foregoing article will nearly apply to this, which is pretty much in the same style. The melody here is very pleasing, and the whole as a harmony is simple, well conducted, and well adapted to the words. In fact, we may say of both these productions, that they are far superior to the generality of provincial compositions. Z.

"*The Maid of Marlicale*," as sung by Mr. Vaughan with the greatest applause. The words by Thomas Moore, Esq. Set to Music with an Accompaniment for the Harp and Piano Forte, by Wm. Fish. Price 1s. 6d.

This well-known ballad is already a great favourite with the public, as set by Dr. Stevenson. We are sorry to subtract any thing from the applause we have already bestowed on Mr. Fish (and which he certainly merits); but unfortunately, it is a fault which many young composers are guilty of, viz. That if there happens to be a very popular song, (and very popular songs are generally well set), yet forsooth, they must re-set them to music, although ninety-nine times out of an hundred, the imitation falls very far short of the original. We wish they would at least "*let well enough alone*;" and either write music to new words, or to such old ones as have been so badly set, as that they are *quite sure* they can mend the matter. But when this gentleman attempts to set such a song as the *Maid of Marlivale*, after Dr. Stevenson had already done it so well, he must be considered as much out of his element as a "*fish out of water*." We hope he will take these hints as well meant; particularly when we add, that had not the *Maid of Marlivale* been already well set to music, we should not have withheld our approbation; but as it has been done, and *well* done, the present appears to us something like a catch-penny, or rather a catch-eighteen-pence. Z.

Monthly Minstrelsy, No. 4.—Written and Composed by T. D. Worgan. 1s.

Mr. Worgan has, in imitation, we suppose, of the bards of former days, undertaken the double part of poet and musician, and this at the moderate price of 1s. per monthly sheet. On the first page of the present number we are treated with a dish of poetry of about sixty lines, called *The Arbour*, whence "*gleams of genius burst through folly*," and from whence he contemplates this mighty metropolis, as

"A hell on earth, where monsters teem,
Brutes roars, imps curse, and urchins scream:
Where hosts of fallen angels moan,
And souls condemn'd in darkness groan."

No very flattering picture truly; for though perhaps the outline contains some very prominent features, yet we must consider the performance as a caricature rather than a correct likeness. But to notice the music.—We have here a *Roundelay*, which we cannot say much in praise of; indeed we consider it as altogether inferior to some of Mr. W.'s foregoing numbers. In the second strain he has a

consecution of three fifths between the treble and the bass, and moving in the same progression (See the 2d and 3d bars); first a major fifth, then a minor, and then a major fifth again. This we consider a violation of gram mar, which we cannot tole ate; neither do we approve of the modulation which follows the above passage. We think Mr. W. must have overlooked these passages, otherwise he would certainly have corrected them.

Vauxhall Songs—1807.

1. Come Jockey, sweet Jockey; sung by Mrs. Bland—Hook, 1s.

2. Beneath the Weeping Willow; sung by Mrs. Bland—Hook, 1s.

3. Farewell each Bliss, each Joy, farewell; sung by Mrs. Bland—Hook, 1s.

4. The Cottage that stands by the Sea; sung by Mrs. Margerum—Hook, 1s.

5. Catch me if you can; sung by Mrs. Margerum—Hook, 1s.

6. The Young Gypsey has conquered my Heart; sung by Mr. Gibbon—Hook, 1s.

7. Ye brave Jolly Sportsmen; sung by Mr. Gibbon—Hook, 1s.

8. The Rights of Election; sung by Mrs. Franklin—Hook, 1s.

9. The New School; sung by Mr. Dignum—Hook, 1s.

For the want of room we can this month merely give a list of such of the Vauxhall Songs, for the present season, as have reached us, deferring our remarks upon them till next month. T.

Music.

The *Panharmonicon*, a new musical instrument, lately invented at Naples, excites general interest in Italy. It unites all wind instruments in itself, and performs the most difficult symphonies with an astonishing precision and purity.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

A MONUMENT, in honour of that lively poet and respectable man, CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Esq. has been recently placed in Westminster Abbey. It is a merited tribute of filial affection to departed genius. This monument is properly placed in Poet's corner, and bears a Latin inscription that does justice to the memory of the dead, without that extravagance of eulogy which too often appears in such compositions.

The opening of the South London Water Works, in Kennington Lane, took place on the 10th of June. Two reservoirs or tanks, containing 26,000 butts, each 10 feet deep, are supplied from the river Thames to the height of the spring tide, and are worked by the steam engine upwards of three feet above the whole level; the water is then left to purify itself in the two reservoirs; and by the same engine is lifted 50 feet above its level, and supplies the inhabitants of Clapham, Camberwell, and its surrounding neighbourhood, and might be conveyed one hundred miles round on a level. A large company of nobility and gentry were present. Mr. Ralph Dodd was the engineer.

A new state barge for the use of the corporation of London, was lately launched at Westminster Bridge. It is ninety feet long, and at the head is a figure of the Thames: the stern is decorated with the city arms, supported by Neptune and Amphitrite; the state room, which is sufficient to accommodate 100 persons, is lighted by twenty mirror windows; and the roof is supported by twenty-two columns. The city arms, surmounting the state door, are supported by two Griffins; the pannels of the door exhibit allegorical paintings of Justice, Fortitude, Prudence, and Temperance; the pannels on each side bear the arms and insignia of London and its chief magistrate; and the whole of the ornaments are richly gilt.

The Students of the Royal Academy have presented an elegant Vase to Mr. Fuseli, as a testimony of their gratitude for the benefit they have received from his instructions, since his appointment to the office of keeper. The Vase was presented by Mr. Haydon, with an appropriate address, to which Mr. Fuseli replied with great

feeling and eloquence. The Vase is in silver, and executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, from a design after the antique by Flaxman. A wreath of laurel is elegantly chased round it; and on one side is this inscription, "To Henry Fuseli, Esq. Keeper of the Royal Academy, by the Students."

The sale of Mr. Opie's pictures has been highly gratifying to every friend of British genius. The beautiful picture of "*The Laughing Girl*," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was sold for 451l. 10s. An admirable picture, by Mr. Opie, "*Clothing the Naked*," produced 136l. The whole amount of the sale was 1386l. a very honourable testimony to the merit of the departed artist.

Mrs. Opie has presented an elegant print, from a design by Smirke, to all the gentlemen who attended the funeral of her departed husband. A similar print was presented to all the friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who attended the remains of that artist to the grave.

On Monday night, the 25th of May, as the Watford waggon was passing through High Holborn, near the end of Drury Lane, an attempt was made to rob it by a gang of ruffians. Being detected in their purpose, and pursued, they wreaked their vengeance on those who endeavoured to secure them, and they severely wounded three persons; one Mr. Watkinson was stabbed near the back-bone, just above the kidneys; another, Mr. Watkins, was cut in the lower part of the belly, nearly four inches in length, the consequence was that his bowels came out; he was immediately taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where every care was taken of his wounds by the surgeons, but his bowels came out twice in the course of the following day. The third was the watchman, who was cut in the lower part of his belly, but he knocked the villain down, who however soon got up, and then stabbed him in the left cheek, in his arm, and in the breast, and then ran off; the watchman still pursued him, when his bowels coming out he fell, and was conveyed to Middlesex Hospital also. The perpetrators of this horrid deed got clear off, but two men have been since committed to Newgate for trial, on a charge of cutting and stabbing the above persons. We are happy to state that all the sufferers are yet living, and hopes are entertained of their recovery.

Married.] The rev. G. Savage, F.A.S. vicar of Kingston *cum* Richmond, &c. to Mrs. Ayliffe, of Surbiton Lodge, Kingston.—John Thornton, esq. eldest son of Samuel Thornton, Esq. M.P. for Surrey, to Miss Eliza Parry, second daughter of Edward Parry, Esq. chairman of the East India Company.—B. Storr, Esq. of the King's Own Stafford Militia, to Miss Bennett, of Clewer House, Windsor.—Capt. E. Sanderson, of the Buffs, to Miss Harriet Hales, third daughter of the late Sir John Hales, bart.—Sir George Tuite, bart. to Mrs. Woodall.—Colonel Elford to Miss Lownds, only daughter and heiress of the late William Lownds, Esq. of Clapton.—Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. of the House of Commons, to Miss Newbolt, daughter of the late Rev. F. Newbolt, of Winchester.—The Rev. G. H. Temple, to Miss Ann Maria Graham, eldest daughter of T. Graham, Esq. of Kinross.—Sir J. Shelley, bart. to Miss Winckley, daughter and sole heiress of the late Thomas Winckley, Esq.—By special licence, John Barnard Hankey, Esq. of Fetcham Park, Surrey, to the Hon. Elizabeth Blaquiere, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord de Blaquiere.—J. B. Lousada, jun. Esq. of Devonshire-square, to Miss L. B. Lousada, youngest daughter of J. B. Lousada, Esq. of Stamford Hill.

Died.] On the 18th of May, the Duke of Montpensier, second son of the Duke of Orleans, unhappily distinguished by the name of Egalité. It is well known that the duke fell a victim to the violence of a revolution, the course of which he could not foresee, and his family fell with him, from the height of rank and splendour, to the depths of horror and misery. The elder son of this family, now Duke of Orleans, sought refuge in America. By the prevailing party, which regarded compassion as an ignoble sentiment, and unfit for a place in the bosoms of staunch republicans, the two younger brothers were, in 1793, plunged into the dungeons of Fort St. John, at Marseilles. Here they lan-

guished together during the long period of forty-three months. Nor was their captivity lightened by the cheerful hope of a favourable termination. Barbarity was the order of the day, and it shewed itself hardened against the tender feelings of humanity, by wantonly predicting to its victims, daily, the fatal termination of their captivity. The brothers, however, made an attempt to escape from their prison. The youngest, the Count de Beaujolois, succeeded; and had arrived at a place where he was secreted in security; but the Duke of Montpensier, in descending the walls, which it was necessary to pass, fell from a considerable height, and broke his leg. By means of this accident he was retaken, and returned to his dreadful habitation. The Count de Beaujolois on being informed of this misfortune, renewed the celebrated example of Nisus and Euryalus, and surrendered himself, without delay, to share the imprisonment of his brother. At length, in one of the changes of the French Government, the brothers obtained their release, and after infinite sufferings, they rejoined their elder brother the Duke of Orleans, in America. From that country they came to England, where they found a safe and honourable asylum. They were favourably received by the royal family; and the Duke de Montpensier, in particular, met with a sympathy capable, if any thing were so, of alleviating his sufferings. Her Majesty even condescended to furnish him with various articles of accommodation from her own palace. The Duke terminated a career marked by misfortune, sorrow, and distress, with a constancy of mind, and elevation of character, which would have ensured applause in the high station to which he was born. In the short space of 32 years he manifested exemplary firmness and magnanimity, united with uncommon talents. At the tender age of sixteen, he displayed heroic courage in Champagne, and particularly at the battle of Jemappes. But his example perhaps is still more beneficial, when considered as supporting, with fortitude, the privations and adversities of exile, whilst it affords a lesson of moderation to those of the highest honours and rank of life. The late Duke was interred May 26, in Westminster Abbey, with great funeral pomp. The body was brought from Salt Hill on Monday, and lay in state at King-street Chapel, Portman-square, till removed to the Abbey. The Duke of Bourbon was chief mourner. Three of the royal carriages attended, viz. the Duke of Sussex's, the Duke of York's, and the Prince of Wales's.—At his house, in Queen-street, Brompton, aged 64, Nicholas Bond, Esq. of the Public Office, in Bow-street. He wa an active, vigilant, and able magistrate. Initiated in the school of the celebrated Sir John Fielding, he possessed in an uncommon degree, the best qualities of his master. Endowed with a good natural understanding, his legal knowledge and sound judgment were eminently conspicuous. He was a warm and zealous friend, had the affections of the mind with the glow of sincerity, and with those whom he respected and loved could unbend to the free participation of the social virtues. Always befriending the honest poor in opposition to the tyrannic rich; the former viewed him with gratitude and admiration. In his professional pursuits his memory was surprisingly tenacious, never forgetting a circumstance that was worthy of remembrance. His conversation was therefore fertile in anecdote, and his life filled a neat space in the eye of the public. A stranger to the refinements of the world, he was simple and unaffected in his manners; and although the purity, and even austerity, of his conduct, might to some men appear censurable, yet they were by no means unbecoming the character or deportment of an upright magistrate. In cases of a common or trivial nature, he at times seemed to evince a lack of attention; but although he might be supposed to slumber over what was unworthy of the exercise of his great powers, yet justice was never asleep. With an excellent fund of manly eloquence, with a mind forcible and vehement when roused into an extraordinary display of his penetrating vigour, he shone most when combating the subtleties or genius of a counsel for a prisoner. Thus in the words of a distinguished actor—like a great

performer on the stage, he reserved himself as it were for the last act, and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with honour. —In New-street, Spring Gardens, aged 76, John Wasdale, M.D. formerly of Carlisle. At the coronation of the present king, he went from Carlisle to London in 28 hours, upon horseback, was present at the ceremony, and returned there again in 30 hours, after an absence of five nights, three of which he slept in London. His loss will be severely felt by the natives of Carlisle, resident in the metropolis, to whom he was ever sincerely attached and ready to give his professional assistance. He held the honorary office of private secretary to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, which he discharged with the greatest punctuality and honour.—In Hertford-street, May-fair, Edwin Francis Stanhope, Esq. LL.D. It is far beyond flattery to speak of Mr. Stanhope as he deserved, whose hope was engaged, during a life of 80 years, in the attainment of a blessed and glorious immortality; yet it may be a proper tribute to his memory to say, that he ranked among the best classic scholars of his time, and possessed no common measure of manly sense and brilliant wit. His polite urbanity of manners, his attention to serve and delight, his integrity of mind, his extensive yet modest charity, so beautifully described by St. Paul, "which seeketh not her own," his loyalty and affection to the Royal Family (particularly to the Queen, whom he attended from Mecklenburgh Strelitz to this country, and had the honour to serve more than 40 years) but above all, his constant and strict regard to the duties of religion, crowned his long life with esteem, and rendered his death deeply to be deplored for their own sakes, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His remains have been removed, to be buried in the family vault at Tithby, in Nottinghamshire.—At Camberwell Grove, aged 22, Mr. John Collinson, of Queen's College, Oxford.—In Charles-street, Manchester square, the Right Hon. Lady Kircudbright, relict of the late Lord Kircudbright, whom she survived only five years.—In St. James's-square, aged 41, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Darlington, lady of the Earl of Darlington, and daughter of the sixth and last Duke of Bolton. This amiable lady has been in a declining state of health for two years. She has left six children.—In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Knollys, second daughter of the Earl of Banbury.—At Osborne's Hotel, Sir James Durno, lately his Majesty's Consul at Memel. —In New Burlington-street, after a long and severe illness, the Right Hon. Lady Walpole.—In Gloucester-place, Miss Helen Hamilton Hardacre, eldest daughter of Thomas Hardacre, Esq. She possessed great sweetness and innocence of manners, was endowed with a most uncommonly brilliant capacity, and was ever dutiful and affectionate.—Mrs. Martyr, whose musical talents were well known to the public. She had long been in a decline, which lately made a most rapid progress. [*A further account of this lady in our next.*]—In Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, aged 69, Lieut.-Colonel John Harris Cruser.—In New Norfolk-str. Grosvenor-square, aged 76, Joseph Musgrave, Esq.—In Upper Fitzroy-street, Mrs. Broderip, widow of the late Mr. Broderip, of the Haymarket.—At Twickenham, Thomas Rea Cole, Esq. major in the army. He was second son of the late Stephen Cole, Esq. of Twickenham, and brother-in-law of the late Sir John Ibbetson, bart. of Denton Park, in Yorkshire. For many years he acted as a Justice of the Peace for the same County, and once was chief magistrate over the populous town of Leeds, in which capacity he acted with justice and benevolence. He also served his present Majesty during the seven years war; and as a reward for his good conduct at the siege of Belleisle, was advanced to the rank of major, at the age of 28 years. In private life he was meek, humble, and just.

GAZETTE LETTERS.

The Gazette of May 16, contains an Order for laying an embargo on all ships and vessels belonging to the Grand Signor, now within any of the ports in the British dominions, and for detaining all ships bearing the flag of the Ottoman Empire.

The same Gazette contains a declaration that all his Majesty's subjects

may lawfully trade to and from Monte Video in South America, but that it shall not be lawful for any slave or slaves to be landed or imported into that city or its dependencies.

This Gazette also contains a notification, that the king has judged it expedient to direct that the blockade of the Straits of the Dardanelles and of Smyrna, already constituted by his Majesty's naval forces and those of his allies, shall be maintained and enforced in the strictest manner.

The Baron Jacobi Kloest has been reinvested with the character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Prussia.

The Gazette of May 19, contains an account of the capture of L'Alerte, French privateer, of 14 guns and 85 men, by his Majesty's ship Pallas, Captain George Miller; and likewise the capture of the French privateer brig, L'Austerlitz, of 18 guns and 125 men, by his Majesty's ship Circe, Captain Hugh Pigot.

The Gazette of June 2, contains a letter from Captain Edward Cheetham, of his Majesty's armed ship Sally, giving an account of an action fought by that ship, near Dantzic, against a French force on the banks of the Vistula, of between 2 and 3000 men, in which the French sustained considerable loss, though Captain Cheetham was obliged to haul down the river in consequence of the rapidity of the current. He had several men wounded but none killed.

Captain Drummond, of his Majesty's ship Dryad, gives an account of the capture of the Josephine, French privateer, of 4 guns and 44 men.

The Gazette of June 6, contains a letter from the captain of his Majesty's sloop Pheasant to Admiral Stirling, acquainting him that a detachment of British troops, under Lieut.-colonel Pack, had taken possession of Colonia del Sacramento, on the River Plata.

The Gazette of June 9, contains a letter from Commodore Sir Samuel Hood, K.B. dated on board his Majesty's ship Centaur, at sea, March 16, 1807, inclosing a letter from Captain Shipley, of his Majesty's ship Comus, stating the capture of six Spanish brigs, which were moored in the Puerto de Haz, Grand Canaria, and defended by the cross fire of three batteries; Lieutenant Campbell was the only person wounded on the occasion: and subsequently of two other Spanish brigs. And also another letter from Commodore Sir Samuel Hood, dated on board his Majesty's ship Centaur, Funchal Bay, Madeira, May 18, 1807, inclosing the following letter from Captain Shipley:

His Majesty's ship Comus, off Canaria, May 9, 1807.

SIR,

I have the honour to relate to you the particulars of a gallant exploit performed last night by the boats of his Majesty's ship, under the direction of Lieutenant George Edward Watts, and assisted by Lieutenant Hood Knight and Mr. Jeaffreson Miles, master's mate, with a party of petty officers, seamen, and Royal Marines, in the port of Grand Canaria.

A large armed felucca, with his Catholic Majesty's colours flying, had been for the three last days lying under the protection of a strong fort and two batteries; and the wind yesterday evening proving favourable she was boarded by Lieutenant Watts, in the large cutter, under a severe fire of musketry from between thirty and forty soldiers sent to assist in her defence; and he had nearly cleared her deck when the two other boats, which did not row so well, arrived, and fully accomplished the business.

Her cables were now cut and the boats took her in tow, (the enemy having had the precaution to send sails and rudder on shore) when a hawser, fast under water astern, was manned in the fort, and the vessel dragged nearly under the muzzles of the guns before it could be cut, upon which an exceeding heavy fire from all the batteries was commenced, and continued till she was out of sight.

She proves to be the St. Pedro Spanish packet, having a cargo of bale goods, &c. &c. from Cadiz, bound to Buenos Ayres.

This was effected with the loss of one man killed, and five wounded. Mr. Watts has several wounds, but none of them dangerous; and I feel convinced his gallant conduct, with the exertions of every officer and man employed on this service, will meet your approbation.

Twenty-one of the enemy's troops were made prisoners, eighteen of whom are wounded; the rest, excepting a few who swam on shore, were killed, as was her captain and some of her crew.

She had captured, since her departure from Cadiz, the Lord Keith, bound from London to Mogador.

His Majesty's ship has taken and destroyed, since the 1st instant, the St. Francisco Spanish lugger, with wheat and salt;

and La Louisa schooner, in ballast: the latter perfectly new.

I am, &c. CONWAY SHIPLEY.

The Gazette of June 13, contains a letter from Captain Nicholas, of the Lark sloop, mentioning the particulars of the destruction of some small craft on the Spanish main.

The supplement to this Gazette, published on Sunday, the 14th of June, contains the following intelligence:

Downing-street, June 13, 1807.

The following intelligence has been received by Viscount Castlereagh one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, from Major-general Alexander M'Kenzie Fraser, commanding his Majesty's land forces in Egypt, transmitted in a letter from the Right Hon. General Fox, to the Right Hon. William Windham.

Extract of the copy of a letter from Major-general A. M. Fraser to the Right Hon. William Windham, dated Alexandria, April 6, 1807, transmitted to him by General Fox, the original not having been received.

SIR,—My letter of the 27th ultimo has already informed you, that in consequence of the strong representation of Major Misset, his Majesty's resident here, (a copy of which I then transmitted) stating the risk the inhabitants of Alexandria run of being starved, unless Rosetta and Rahmanie were taken possession of by his Majesty's troops, I had, with the concurrence of rear-admiral Sir John Duckworth, detached the 31st regiment and Chasseurs Britanniques, under Major general Wauchope and Brigadier general Meade, for that purpose.

I am now under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting you, that, contrary to all expectation, this measure did not succeed. Our troops took possession of the heights of Abourmandour (which command the town) without any loss; but, from circumstances as yet unexplained, the general, instead of keeping his post there, unfortunately was tempted to go into the town with his whole force, without any previous examination of it, when the troops were so severely handled from the windows and tops of the houses, without ever seeing their enemy, that it was thought expedient to retire, more especially as Major-general Wauchope was unfortunately killed, and the second in command, Brigadier-general Meade severely wounded.

The troops, I understand, although certainly placed in a most trying and perilous situation, behaved extremely well; and, after having suffered, I am sorry to say, very materially in killed and wounded (170 rank and file killed and 251 rank and file wounded) retired to Aboukir, in good order, without molestation, from whence I directed them to return to Alexandria.

This has certainly been a very heavy and unexpected stroke upon us, more especially as every information led me to conclude, that the opposition, if any, would be trifling; and every precaution was recommended that prudence could suggest.

Finding, however, by the renewed representation of Major Misset, corroborated by the personal application of the Sorbagi, or chief magistrate, in the name of the people at large, that a famine would be the certain and immediate consequence of our remaining at Alexandria without the occupation of Rosetta, I have, with the concurrence, advice, and co-operation of rear-admiral Sir Thomas Louis, (who commands the squadron here since the departure of Sir John Duckworth) detached another corps, under the command of the honourable Brigadier-general Stewart and Colonel Oswald, (as per margin*) to effect this purpose: without which it appears impossible that the measure, proposed by his Majesty's ministers, of keeping possession of Alexandria can be accomplished.

* Detachment of Royal Artillery, detachment of 20th Light Dragoons, detachment of Seamen, Light Infantry Battalion, 1st Battalion of 35th regiment, 2d Battalion of 78th regiment, Regiment de Roll, amounting in the whole to about two thousand five hundred men.

Extract of a dispatch from Major general Fraser to the Right Hon. H. E. Fox, dated on board his Majesty's ship Canopus, Aboukir Bay, April 24, 1807.

I have the mortification to acquaint you, that the second attempt that I thought necessary to make against Rosetta has failed, owing to a great reinforcement of the enemy being sent down the Nile from Cairo, which overpowered our troops, and obliged them to fall back with the loss (I am grieved to say) of nearly one thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. Among the latter are Lieutenant-colonel M'Cleod, Major Vogelsang, and Major Mohr. Brigadier-general Stewart, who commanded the troops on this service, is only now upon his march towards Alexandria with the remainder of his force, and has not yet sent me the details; but, as the admiral thinks it necessary to disparch the Wizard brig immediately from this bay to Messina, I think it necessary to give you all the information I am at present in possession of, and shall send you the particulars of this unfortunate affair by his Majesty's ship Thunderer, which will leave Alexandria very soon; and, as I have no time to acquaint his Majesty's ministers of

this event by this opportunity, I must request you to have the goodness to do it as soon as possible.

(Signed) GEO. AIREY,
Acting dep. adjut.-general.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

America.

The British sloop of war Driver, a vessel interdicted by the president from entering the American harbours, anchored lately abreast of Fort Johnson, in the harbour of Charleston. Two United States officers, of that fort, waited upon the governor on the day following, to consult with him on measures necessary to be taken to expel her from the port. The commandant of Fort Johnson addressed a letter to the commanding officer of the said vessel, of which the following is a copy:

Fort Johnson. Harbour of Charleston, 4 p m. May 2.

SIR, The president of the United States having, by proclamation, bearing date the 3d of May, 1805, for ever interdicted his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war Driver, from entering any port of the United States; and the said vessel having entered this port, in contempt of the said proclamation, my duty compels me to demand that the Driver do depart from this harbour from the date hereof.

Need I add, Sir, how repugnant it would be to my feelings should any blood be spilt, which must inevitably be the case if the communication be not complied with.

Lieutenant Wyndham, of the Artillery, is charged with the delivery of this: he will receive your reply.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
MICHAEL KALTEISEN.

To the commanding officer of his Britannic Majesty's sloop Driver.

His Majesty's ship Driver, Rebellion Roads, Charleston, May 3, 1807.

SIR,—I have received your letter; and, having some doubts as to the authority by which it was written, I thought proper to satisfy myself on that head before I should reply. By the threat it contains, you appear, like your government, to have something to learn. A British subject knows too well how to respect and obey the laws of his own country, to offer intentionally an outrage on those of others, when once they are known to be so; but, I have to observe, the proclamation you mention to have been issued, in May 1805, I know nothing of; of that which was issued in May 1806, I have only to say, that so far from being either creditable or becoming in the president of a country, wishing to be ranked amongst the civilized nations of the world, it would, in the opinion of liberal and enlarged minds, have disgraced even the sanguinary pen of a Robespierre, or the most miserable petty state in Barbary. It appears, that the supposed offence is to be rendered by a repetition of the circumstances complained of, and that on those who, so far from having any thing to do with the supposed aggression, were not even on or near the American coast at that time. And, as Captain Whitby's trial may probably at this moment be pending, with the concurrence of the United States, and the proclamation resting on his being brought to justice, it ought to have been thought of. However, as my proceeding to sea comes within the limits of my intentions, according to the orders I am under, I shall do so whenever the pilot thinks proper; which orders have for their view the advantage of the American flag, as well as the protection of the British. But, I must observe, that the difficulty I have experienced in obtaining a sufficient quantity of water for the purposes I wish, obliges me to have recourse to such methods as are completely within my power, which I otherwise should not have thought of. In the mean time, it is necessary to inform you, that his Majesty's ship under my command, is all times ready to resist and punish any insult that may be offered to the flag she has the honour to bear, to the last drop of blood that shall remain of the dutiful and loyal subjects of a beloved sovereign and an exalted country. I have the honour to be,

Sir, your humble servant,
WILLIAM LOVE.

To Capt. Kalteisen, &c. &c.
Fort Johnson, S. C.

The final examination of Colonel Burr, which took place in the capitol at Richmond, before the Chief Justice of the United States, terminated in the giving security on the part of that gentleman, of 10,000 dollars, to appear before the federal court at Richmond, on the 22d of May. The charges made against him by the attorney for the United States, were

1st, For setting on foot, and providing the means for an expedition against the territories of a nation at peace with the United States.

2d, For committing High Treason against the United States.

After the hearing of counsel on both sides, Colonel Burr addressed the court; he principally relied on his two former acquittals, and enquired whether there was probable cause

to suppose him guilty, when in Kentucky and the Mississipi Territory, where the greatest alarm had been excited against him, the civil tribunal had pronounced him innocent.

The court refused to insert in his commitment the charge of Treason, leaving it to the attorney of the United States to prepare an indictment, should he be furnished with the necessary testimony.

British America.

The trade of the extensive province of Upper Canada is rapidly increasing, and the intercourse with the distant tribes of Indians is safe and uninterrupted, even as far as the Pacific Ocean.

His Majesty has presented a superb service of sacramental plate and candelabra of the most curious workmanship, for the altar of the great church at Quebec. His Majesty's arms are richly embossed on each article, and the whole service is curiously arranged in a mahogany case, with a green silk curtain to draw before it.

France.

The removal of the sword and decorations of Frederick the Great, together with the colours taken from the Prussian army, to the Hotel of Invalids at Paris, took place on the 17th of May, with great pomp and solemnity. The sword of the Prussian monarch was borne by Marshal Monsey on horseback, preceded by several carriages, drawn by six horses belonging to the chief dignitaries of the empire; and their arrival at the place of Invalids was announced at half past two by several salutes of artillery.

Two large cases containing the antiquities of Berlin and Potzdam have also arrived at Paris, and 150 cases containing the magnificent gallery of pictures originally belonging to the Prince of Hesse Cassel, as well as the most precious articles of those of Brunswick, Shaldshaulm, and Wolfenbuttle. It is said that the imperial library has already received the curious manuscripts contained in that of Wolfenbuttle, and which have been forwarded by M. Denon, director general of the Napoleon Museum.

Germany.

The damage sustained by the small duchy of Saxe Weimar, by the invasion of the French in October, 1806, has been estimated 1,726,140 dollars, besides 35 houses burnt. Amongst other articles the French got 31,762 bottles of brandy, and 182,280 bottles of wine.

The Easter Fair at Leipsic resembled a market, where a death-like silence psevailed, and no business was transacted, because neither the Greek nor the Polish Jews were present, and consequently the streets which they frequented were empty. Most of the inns were deserted, and the city stalls which were formerly so much frequented, had nothing to do. The Polish Jews not doing business by commission, specie was scarce, the consequences of which were much felt, as well by foreign as native merchants. The number of foreigners who visited this fair used formerly to amount to 30 and 35,000. At this fair there were no more than 8000, most of them sellers, a great many of whom did not take sufficient money to pay their travelling expenses.

New South Wales.

Tippa-he, one of the principal chiefs of New Zealand, with five of his sons, lately made a voyage to Sidney, to pay a visit of respect to Governor King. His majesty's brig the *Lady Nelson* was fitted up for his accommodation, and after remaining two or three months with the governor, he embarked on board that vessel on his return for New Zealand, loaded with presents from the government and the different families in Sydney.

A whale fishery has been recently established on the coasts of New Zealand, and promises speedily to rise to great importance. An intercourse has been opened with the natives on the sea shores, who are represented as much more docile than when first discovered. Potatoes and many useful European vegetables, introduced among them of late years by some of the English ships, are found to thrive astonishingly, and the natives, contrary to expectation, are attentive to their cultivation, and already raise considerable quantities for their own supply.

Prussia.

The garrison of Dantzic command-

ed by General Kalkreuth surrendered on the 27th of May, to the French besieging army under Marshal Lefebvre. The garrison was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and retire on an agreement that the troops composing it should not serve against France or her allies for one year and a day. As soon as the garrison marched out the French occupied Dantzic with a strong force, and Bonaparte has since created Marshal Lefebvre, hereditary Duke of Dantzic, with possessions annexed to the title in the interior of France. This is the first hereditary title Bonaparte has created.

West Indies.

A new constitution has been formed for the government of the island of St. Domingo. As to its general elements it does not differ much from those which were in force under Toussaint and Dessalines. The great principles of every free government, personal liberty, security of property, and freedom of religion, are recognised in it. Next to these, its merit consists in its simplicity, and its adaption to that degree of civilization and intelligence which may be supposed to prevail among the inhabitants of Hayti. The imperial diadem with all its vanities, affectation, and absurdity, has been broken and cast aside. A system of order, religion, justice, and morality, has succeeded to the tyranny, licentiousness, and impiety, which prevailed during the rapacious government of the representatives of Bonaparte, and the ferocious rule of Dessalines who expelled them. This code holds out the greatest encouragement to commerce, and protection to merchants.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

[*Continued from page* 474].

The *Thirty-eighth* is dated Posen, Dec. 5.--Prince Jerome who commands the army of the allies, after having closely blockaded Glogau, and caused batteries to be constructed around that place, proceeded with the Bavarian divisions of Wrede and Deroi, to watch the Russians, and left General Vandamme and the Wirtemberg corps to continue the siege of Glogau. The mortars and several pieces of cannon arrived on the 29th of Nov. and after a few hours bombardment, the place surrendered. Two thousand five hundred men, considerable magazines of biscuit, corn, powder, and nearly 200 pieces of cannon, are the results of this conquest, which is important on account of the excellence of the works, and the situation of the fortress being the capital of Silesia. The Russians have repassed the Vistula, and the Grand Duke of Berg has crossed that river in pursuit of them, and has taken the suburb of Praga, and the emperor has given orders to Prince Jerome to invest Breslau. The little fort of Culmbach, called Plassemburg, was blockaded by a battalion of Bavarians, and though furnished with provisions for several months, the governor surrendered on the 24th of Nov. The anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz and the crowning of the emperor have been celebrated at Warsaw with great enthusiasm. There were found in Plassemburg 68 pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of military stores of all kinds, and upwards of 750 soldiers.

The *Thirty-ninth* is dated Posen, Dec. 7, and states that a courier had arrived with intelligence from the emperor, that the Prussians had declared war against the Porte, that Choczim and Render were surrounded by their troops, that they had suddenly passed the Dneister and advanced as far as Jassy. General Michelson commands the Russian army in Wallachia. The Russian army under General Benningsen had evacuated the Vistula, and seemed inclined to retire into the interior. Marshal Davoust had passed the Vistula, and had established his head quarters before Praga. His advanced posts were on the Bug. The Grand Duke of Berg remained at Warsaw, and the Emperor had his head quarters at Posen.

The *fortieth* is dated Posen, Dec. 9, and gives an account of Marshal Ney having passed the Vistula and entered Thorn on the 6th, where he came to action with the Prussians, whom, after a trifling affair, he compelled to evacuate the place. Some were killed and 20 made prisoners. This affair gave occasion to a very singular exploit. The river, 200 rods in breadth, was covered with ice,

and the vessel occupied by the French advanced guard, stuck fast, and could not be moved; when a number of Polish seamen from the other side of the river, evinced a disposition to venture through a shower of balls, in order to get the vessel afloat. In this they were opposed by some Prussian sailors, and a battle with fists ensued. The Poles succeeded in throwing the Prussians into the water, and brought the French vessel to the other side. This day the Emperor received the deputation from Warsaw.

The *Forty-first* is dated Posen, Dec. 14, and states that a corps of Marshal Davoust's army had passed the Bug, on the 11th, and established themselves at the village of Pomikuwo, where they were attacked by a Russian division, which was repulsed with great loss. On the 10th, Marshal Augereau passed the Vistula. The Prussians have burned the suburbs of Breslau, and the bombardment of that place, by the French, has commenced.

The *Forty-second* is dated Posen, December 15, and states that the bridge over the Narew had been finished, as also another over the Vistula. The Russian army was advancing from Grodno; this bulletin then gives a statement of the position of different divisions of the French army, and says, that Peace with the Elector of Saxony and the Duke of Saxe Weimar has been signed at Posen. All the Princes of Saxony have entered into the Confederation of the Rhine. The French army has taken possession of the country of Mecklenburgh, in consequence of the Prince granting a passage to the Russians, under General Tolstoy.

The *Forty-third* is dated Kutno, December 17, and states that the Emperor had arrived at Kutno that day, and would go to Warsaw on the morrow.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE ceremonial of laying the Foundation-stone of Downing College, took place on Monday, May 18, 1807. The fund for the erection of this College was created by the following circumstances:—

Sir George Downing, bart. of Gamlinglay Park, in the County of Cambridge, in the year 1717, devised all his valuables Estates in the counties of Cambridge, Bedford, and Suffolk, to his nearest relations, being first cousins, &c. to each for life, with remainder to their issue in succession; and in case they all died without issue, he devised those Estates to Trustees, who, with the consent and approbation of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Masters of St. John's and Clare Hall, should found a College within the University of Cambridge, which should be called *Downing College*.

Sir George died in 1749; and upon the death of Sir Jacob Garrat Downing, in 1764, without issue, the rest of Sir George's relations, named in his will, being also then dead without issue, the Estates devised were claimed by the University for the use of the intended College.

The validity of Sir George Downing's will, after many years litigation, was at length established: and the charter for the incorporation of Downing College having been fully examined and considered by the Lords of the Privy Council, and their recommendation of it being confirmed by his Majesty's express approbation, the Great Seal was affixed to it by Lord Chancellor Loughborough, on the 22d of September, 1800.

The present Collegiate Body, appointed by the Charter of Downing College, are as follow:

Master—Francis Annesley, LL.D. Member of St. John's, and late Member of Parliament for Reading, in Berkshire.—Appointed 1800.

Professor of the Laws of England—Edward Christian, M.A. Member of St. John's.

Professor of Medicine—Sir Busick Harwood, Knt, M.D. Professor of Medicine, and Member of Emanuel

Fellows—John Lens, M.A. Member of St. John's: Wm. Meek, M.A. of Emanuel: Wm. Frere, M.A. of Trinity.

Besides the above, thirteen Fellows, six Scholars, at 50*l.* per annum, for four years, two Chaplains, a Librarian, and other Officers, will be appointed, with adequate salaries.

A Member of a Scotch University,

with certain qualifications, is eligible to be a Professor of Medicine at this College.

The annual salary of the Master is 600l.; of a Professor, 200l.; of a Fellow, 100l. or in that proportion.

At eleven o'clock the principal Members of the University, assembled at Great St. Mary's Church, where an excellent appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Outram, public orator. After the sermon the gentlemen formed into order, and proceeded to the Senate House, when a Latin Speech was delivered by Mr. Wm. Frere, Fellow of Downing College.

When the Procession arrived at the scite of Downing College, Dr. Annesley, the Master, deposited the Foundation-stone, and made an Oration in Latin. Dr. Outram then pronounced a Benediction.

A brass plate was inclosed in the Foundation-stone, with one of each of the new coins of the realm, and the first plate cast of modern stereotype. On the Stone was the following inscription:

Collegium Downingense,
In Academia Cantabrigiæ,
Georgius Downing, de Gamlingay,
in eodem comitatu, Baronettus,
Testamento designavit,
Opibusque munifice instruxit,
Anno salutis, M,DCC,XVII.
Regia tandem Charta stabilivit
Georgius tertius, optimus Princeps,
Anno M,D,CCC.
Hæc vero ædificii primordia,
Magister, Professores, et Socii
Posuerunt,
Quod ad Religionis cultum
Juris Anglicani et Medicinæ Scientiam
et ad rectam Juventutis ingeniæ
Disciplinam promovendam
Feliciter eveniat.

The late Sir William Browne's three gold medals, value five guineas each, are this year adjudged as follows —to Mr. Thomas Hughes, of St. John's College, for the *Greek Ode*; to Mr. John Lonsdale, of King's College, for the *Latin Ode*; and to Mr. Edward Alderson, sen, of Caius College, for the *Epigrams*.

CORNWALL.

Died]. At Falmouth, on his return from Portugal, where he had been for the benefit of his health, William Clarges, Esq. son of the late Sir Thomas Clarges, bart.—At Jersey, Captain Le Gros, of the Royal Navy. He was promoted to the rank of commander in 1803.—At Flushing, near Falmouth, the Right Hon. Lord Calthorpe, aged 92. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his next brother, the Hon. George Calthorpe, who has not yet attained his 20th year.

CUMBERLAND.

Died.] In the 103d year of her age, Mrs. Hannah Wilson, of Keswick, and formerly housekeeper to the late Governor Stephenson, of that place. She was born at Cockermouth, in the year 1705, which town she quitted at the age of fourteen, and became a domestic in the above respectable family; which she faithfully served for a period of 75 years, comprehending five successions of masters. As a reward for her care and fidelity, her latter years were made comfortable through the kindness of her last worthy master, Rowland Stephenson, Esq. of London, making the whole period of her dependence upon one family very little short of ninety years! The deceased enjoyed her faculties to within a few weeks of her death; and, what will be deemed remarkable, cut two teeth after her eighty-fifth year. She lived in four reigns, and was regarded by many as the most faithful living historian of the place; the events of the year 1715 being not wholly obliterated, and those of 1745 perfectly fresh in her recollection. She was attended to her grave by many of the principal inhabitants of the town of Keswick; a respect becomingly paid to her fair character and venerable years. It may be further observed, that the deceased had for some time survived every individual whom at the age of fourteen she found an inhabitant of Keswick.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Canal Company of Gloucester and Berkley intend applying to Parliament for a Bill to make a rail road between that city and Cheltenham, which will be warmly opposed by the land-owners.

Died.] At Clifton, most sincerely and deeply lamented by all her relations and numerous friends, the Rt. Hon. Lady Anna Maria Pelham Cotton, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Duke of Newcastle. Her

ladyship was in the 23d year of her age, and was married in 1802, to Col. (now Major-General) Cotton, eldest son of Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, bart. of Cumbermere Abbey, in the county of Chester.—At Cheltenham, Capt. Laurence Bruce, of Islington.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Nautilus, a new sloop of war, was wrecked on the small island of Cerigotto, in the Archipelago, and immediately sunk; all the crew were saved, except ten or eleven, who, it may be said, were fortunately drowned. The others, to the number of 60, were taken off the island by a Swedish frigate, in a most deplorable state, having suffered incredibly through hunger and fatigue, the island affording no sustenance. The dead bodies of their shipmates were their only food! Their life's blood slacked their thirst, and for nine days they tasted nothing but human flesh! The captain and others, who loathed their aliment, died raving mad.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Died.] Suddenly, William Taylor, Esq. of Tillington. He served the office of Mayor of that city in the year 1786.—At Leominster, Mr. Richard Powell, butcher. His death was occasioned by his incautiously putting a naked knife into his coat pocket, and sitting down upon it; the knife entered the thick part of his thigh, and he died a few days afterwards.

KENT.

A labourer digging up some earth on the grounds of J. J. Angerstein, at Blackheath, found an earthen-pot, which on inspection was found to contain 253 pieces of silver coin, most of them bearing the head of Queen Elizabeth. They are in high preservation, and about the size of a dollar, but much thinner.

The Royal Naval Asylum has been transplanted from Paddington to Pelham House, in Greenwich Park, which has been for some time undergoing the necessary repairs and extension, to render it at once commodious for the purposes of its intention, and ornamental as a public building. On the east and west two capacious wings are added, connected with the centre building, by handsome colonades. The lower part of each wing is to be appropriated to the school rooms for the children, male and female respectively; the upper parts as dormitories for them and the servants of the institution. It is proposed immediately to extend the whole number of pupils to 1000, from every part of the United Kingdom. The boys are taught reading, writing, and figures; and where their capacities display fitness, are to be instructed in navigation; and during the hours of relaxation the elder boys are taught rope and sail-making, and they are to be instructed in the rudiments of naval discipline by regular veteran boatswains. The girls are taught to read and write, and are instructed in needle-work and household industry. The building fills up the vista between both wings of Greenwich College, to which it seems to form an appropriate centre; and it is intended that the whole shall be immediately completed for the reception of pupils, officers, &c.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Sapcote, of which place he had been rector upwards of twenty years, the Rev. Stanley Burrough, M.A. aged 84, greatly and worthily regretted by his parishioners, and by a most numerous and genteel acquaintance. The deceased, at about the age of 40, after quitting college, entered second master of that celebrated seminary, Rugby School, in Warwickshire, of which, on the demise, or resignation of the principal, he was unanimously elected head master. In this important office, he remained near twenty years, during which period he had the honour of directing and presiding over the classical education of great numbers, sons of the first families in the kingdom, many of whom are distinguished characters at this day; and when he declined the charge, he left the school possessed of a reputation never exceeded by any similar institution. Mr. Burrough was born at Carleton, in the parish of Drig, about fifteen miles from Whitehaven. His father was the Rev. Edward Burrough, Minister of Drig and Irton, and Master of the Free School there, who, from the great age to which he lived, and the vigour of his constitution, had the singular opportunity of instructing, in his church and his school, the fourth generation!

—At Donnington Castle, the seat of Earl Moira, aged 81, the Rev. John Collier.

YORKSHIRE.

May 20.—This morning the election of two knights of the shire to represent this county in parliament came on at the Castle yard. W. Wilberforce, Esq. was put in nomination by Sir R. D'Arcy Hildyard, and seconded by Bacon Frank, Esq. J. B. S. Morrit, Esq. nominated the Hon. H. Lascelles, and was seconded by Fenton Scott, Esq. Sir F. L. Wood nominated Lord Milton, and was seconded by W. Wrightson, Esq. On the shew of hands, the high sheriff declared it to be in favour of the Hon. H. Lascelles and Lord Milton.

W. Wilberforce, Esq. said—"That fully convinced as both the other candidates and their agents must be, that nine-tenths of the freeholders of the county were in his favour, he should abide the event of a poll;" which accordingly commenced.

At the final close of which there appeared for

Mr. Wilberforce -	11,808
Lord Milton - -	10,990
Hon. H. Lascelles -	10,177

The high sheriff, after stating the total numbers (as above) for each candidate, declared W. Wilberforce, Esq. and the Right Hon. Lord Milton duly elected.

Thus, on Friday, the 5th of June, terminated the above arduous struggle; a struggle, by all the candidates and their friends, of such strength and perseverance as has never, at any period, been equalled at any county election in the kingdom.

Nothing, since the days of the revolution, has ever presented to the world such a scene as has been, for fifteen days and nights, passing within this great county. Repose or rest have been unknown in it, except it was seen in a messenger totally worn out, asleep upon his post horse or on his carriage. Every day the roads, in every direction, and to and from every remote corner of the county, have been covered with vehicles loaded with voters.

From the hustings and the windows of each candidate's house speeches were made each day, after the close of the poll, amidst the huzzas of their respective attendants. A beautiful illumination was given by Lord Milton, on the King's birth-day, at Etridges.

That the house of Rockingham has triumphed in the glorious struggle will be joyfully received, not only throughout this county, but throughout the kingdom: its success must be hailed by every patriot,—by every lover of loyalty and constitutional independence,—by every admirer of noble and virtuous ancestry,—and by every enemy to corruption, peculation, and intolerance.

The late expensive and fatiguing contest for this county affords a fresh argument for a reform in parliament; and it suggests the propriety of a partial one at least, to prevent the return of a similar instance of riot, expence, and inconvenience. The remedy I propose, is to give Yorkshire six representatives; two for each Riding, and let them be chosen in the most central town of each: and to balance this addition, let three rotten boroughs in the same county be disfranchised, and a compensation given for this loss to those who can make out, that they are deprived of any valuable interest. To this latter proposal there may be some objection; but I do not think there ought: for if it should happen, that by abuse and neglect, men suffer themselves to be bought and sold, they must suffer a price to be paid for their redemption, and their fellow citizens should not grudge the expense at any rate. The cheapest way to get rid of an evil, is to agree to any proposal not immensely extravagant; so that an end may be put to all quarrel and debate, and the desired remedy no longer deferred.

Ireland.

Killed in a duel near Wexford, with Mr. Alcock, John Colclough, esq. a man *dear* to freedom, to liberality, and to benevolence. The spirit which would harmonize the people, and render them happy and united, was the impulse of his conduct, and the stimulator of his activity. As loyal as any man, he considered the protection of the poor, and the shielding the feelings of the peasant against the malignity of party, and the ascendancy of monopoly, as the most faithful performance of his allegiance to his sove-

reign, and the certain and invincible defence of the empire. His ambition was to make men loyal through the medium of their affections—to make the law the vindicator, and not the persecutor of an offending country—to put down a *party*, and to *raise up* a people. His whole life was directed to this great and glorious pursuit, and even the last moments of his existence asserted the rights of his countrymen, to the free and independent exercise of their elective franchise. As a public character, his principles, at a period like the present, were the best calculated to heal the wounds of a long-suffering nation. His private character was marked with all those amiable virtues which insured the affection, and now call forth the tears of his afflicted family; but the hold which he had of the hearts of his countrymen was so strong, their zeal for his exaltation so warm, their deep and melancholy sorrow for his fate, are the best evidences of his value, and the unerring standard of his loss. When the creatures of party and bigotry shall moulder in the dust, unheeded and forgotten, patriotism will be found mourning over *his* tomb; and the tears of an unprotected peasantry will be seen to fall for him who *lived* and *died* in their defence. He was the son of the late Sir Cæsar Colclough, and was about 34 years of age, and unmarried. He and Mr. Alcock were candidates to represent the county of Wexford. The origin of this fatal dispute was in consequence of the deceased procuring the tenant of a lady who supported the interest of Mr. Alcock, to vote against him. Mr. Alcock is the relative and particular friend of the Marquis of Ely, upon whose interest he was set up for the county; and at the late election, the Marquis went down from Dublin to Wexford, vowing vengeance against Mr. Colclough, which his friend and relative has amply executed.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS,

MAY 19, 1807, to JUNE 20, 1807, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette*]-----*The Soticitors' Names are between Parenthesis.*

ADAMS R. Southampton, ship-builder, (Nicholls, Southampton). Andrews C. Burnham, Essex, butcher, (Alexander, Bedford-row) Armitstead R. Giggleswick, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner, (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden). Alexander H. Moorfields, broker, (Maddock and Co. New-square, Lincoln's Inn).

Bing A. I. Great Prescot-street, merchant, (Willett and Co. Finsbury-square). Bruckner J. Southmolton-street, shoe-maker, (Pike, Air-street, Piccadilly). Balls J. and F. Barton Mills, Suffolk, carriers. (Bromley and Co Gray's Inn). Blackmore E. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, tailor, (Hinrich, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar). Bulloch J. Scot's yard, Bush-lane, wine-merchant, (Crowder and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry). Briden E. Market-street, Herts, maltster, (Hurd, Temple). Brook T. Boston, Lincolnshire, ironmonger, (Lodington and Co. Temple).

Chapman T. Macclesfield, Cheshire, butcher, (Kent, Clifford's Inn). Cooper T. Wilbarston, Northamptonshire, draper, (Bowe and Co. Took's-court, Chancery-lane). Cuder W. jun. Warminster, Wilts, clothier, (Davies, Lothbury). Corney R. New Gravel-lane, slop seller, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street, Falcon-square). Chipps G. Cecil-street, Strand, tailor, (Hodson and Co. Clement's Inn). Cann, R. Frith-street, Soho, painter, (Walton, Girdlers'-hall). Coxsey J. Liverpool, cotton-spinner, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry). Culmer G. Chilham, Kent, miller, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street, Strand). Carless J. Maidstone, merchant, (Webb, St Thomas's street, Southwark). Clemoe R. Falmouth, merchant, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street.

Davies J. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, builder, (Tarrant and Co. Chancery lane). Degraves P. Cheapside, and Bainbridge T. Manchester, warehousemen, (Foulkes and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's Inn).

Elsam R. Church-row, Newington, Surrey, carpenter, (Theakston and Co. Church-street, Blackfriars-road).

Gibson R. Selby, Yorkshire, cooper, (James, Gray's-Inn-place). Gibbs R. Whitecross-alley, chair-maker, (Coulsen, Crown-court, Aldersgate street) Good T. Kingston-upon-Hull, shoe-maker, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Gibson W. H. Saville-row, Walworth, warehouseman, (Ledwich, Baldwin's-court, Cloak-lane).

Hosking R. B. and J. jun. South Brent, Devonshire, yarn-makers, (Anstice, Temple). Heaps J. Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, tailor, (Harrison, Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street). Holder J. Painswick, Gloucestershire, butcher, (Cooke, Stroud). Hall G. Bow-street, Covent-garden, liquor-merchant, (M'Dougal and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Hanson J. Hurst Green, Sussex, and Hanson T. Battle, Sussex, innkeepers, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court, Throgmor-

ton-street). Hoard W. Lower East Smithfield, victualler, (Turner, Edward-street, Cavendish-square). Hebb W. A. Bridgnorth, linen-draper, (Smart and Co. Staple's Inn, Holborn). Hale J. Bedminster, Somersetshire, victualler, (Edmunds and Son, Lincoln's Inn). Hooton W. Knightsbridge, coach-maker, (Henrich, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar)

Johnstone A. and Nainby J. Finch-lane, perfumers, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Jones L. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row). Jackson W. B. Exeter, merchant, (Bawring and Co. Bedford-row).

Knight R. Bath, cheesemonger, (Shephard, and Co. Bedford-row). Keyte J. Birmingham builder, (Barbor and Co. Fetter-lane). Kekwick J. East Ham, Essex, dealer, (Foulkes, Southampton-street, Covent-garden). King J. and W. E. Kingstreet, Covent-garden, silk-mercers, (Booth and Co. New-square, Lincoln's Inn). Kendall E. Tabernacle walk, Finsbury-square, tallow-chandler, (Williams, Upper Johnstreet, Fitzroy-square).

Lapish J. Kighley, Yorkshire, grocer, (Allen and Co. Furnival's Inn).

Mitchell T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linendraper, (Wortham and Co. Castle-st. Holborn). Midgley J. Leeds, grocer, (Meadowcroft and Co. Gray's Inn). Melalieu J. Manchester, dealer in cotton twist and weft, (Edge, manchester). M'Knight N. S. and J. Liverpool, merchants, (Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane). Mathias J. Brighthelmstone, slater, (Hughes, Clifford's Inn). Merac T. and M. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehousemen, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Nickells T. jun. Fowey, Cornwall, shipwright, (W. Brown, Fowey).

Oldmeadow J. King's Lynn, Norfolk, upholsterer, (Lyon and Co. Gray's Inn).

Palmer R. Chatham, cordwainer, (Chapman, Prince's-street, Bank of England). Parry J. and Pickman J. Deptford, merchants, (Lee, Three-crown-court, Southwark). Pickering J. Frodsham, Cheshire, corn-merchant, (Windle, John street, Bedford-row). Prested R. Brick-lane, Spitalfields, shoe-maker, (Mayhew, Boswell-court, Carey-street). Pascoe J. Plymouth-dock, mercer, (Lys, Tooke's-court, Cursitor-street). Prigmore T. Baker's-row, Cold-bath-square, oil refiner, (Parkinson and Co. Symond's Inn).

Riggs W. Old Bailey, glove-merchant, (Morgan, Gray's-Inn-square). Row T. T. Chelmsford, Essex, linen-draper, (Oldham, Nag's-head court, Gracechurch-street).

Simpson J. Artillery-street, Bermondsey, tallow-chandler, (Eaton and Co. Birchin-lane). Smith H. Birmingham, victualler, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's Inn). Sedley D. London-wall, money-scrivener, (Brown, Bridle-lane). Sibbald A. Wapping-street, St. George in the East, slop-seller, (Smith and Co. Great St. Helen's). Stoneham J. Bristol, tavern-keeper, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Silvester J. Broughton-Gifford, Wilts, miller, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court, Fleet-street).

Twamley S. Eardington, Quatford, Salop, iron-master, (Devey and Co. Bridgnorth). Taylor J. S. Gracechurch-street, straw-hat-manufacturer, (Pearce and Co. Paternoster-row).

Wicken J. Sandhurst, Kent, grocer, (Dyne, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet-street) White, J. Birmingham, tailor, (Egerton, Gray's Inn). Williams G. Newington-Causeway, Surrey, linen-draper, (Drake, Old Fish-street). Watson W. jun. Basford, Nottinghamshire, carpenter, (Blakelock, Elm-court, Temple). Withers J. and H. B. Greenhills'-rents, Smithfield, merchants, (Gregory and Co. Maiden-lane, Wood-street). Warham J. Manchester, victualler, (Ellis, Cursitor-street).

DIVIDENDS.

Alfrey J. jun. Carshalton, Surrey, June 16. Anderson A. and Robertson D. Coleman-street, June 16. Atkinson H. Bread-street-hill, July 4. Angell H. H. New Bond-street, Aug. 11.

Bowker G. and Chapman J. Manchester, June 8. Bent R. Lincoln's-Inn-fields, 13. Bowman J. Water-lane, June 16. Bore J. Bishop's Castle, Salop, June 23. Bowler J. Bishop's-Wearmouth, Durham, 25 and 27. Brown W. Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, June 27. Braint R. G. Minories, June 27. Blunt J. and Scollay R. Coal-Exchange, June 30. Blunt G. and Mouat J. Little Carter-lane, Doctors' Commons, June 30. Brownson B. Parwich, Derbyshire, July 2. Ballantine W. St. Martin's-le-Grand, July 7. Blades J. Bath, July 8. Brown W. Holcott, Northampton, July 9. Brown J. Liverpool, July 9. Betham W. S. Furnival's-Inn-court, July 11. Boyd T. Buckingham-street, Strand, July 11. Bilby W. King's-street, Bloomsbury, July 11. Bams J. Truro, Cornwall, July 13.

Cunninghame W. Great Prescot-street, June 18 and July 7. Craik J. Union-court, Broad-street, June 20. Cobb C. Ringwood, Southampton, June 23. Chamberlain N. Fleet-street, June 30. Champion W. Worksop, Nottingham, July 2. Colbourne T. Henstridge, Somersetshire, July 6. Chard C. High Holborn, July 11. Chametto F. D. Leadenhall-street, July 11.

Douse W. D. Coad's-row, Lambeth, June 16. Dawson R. Edward-street, Portman-square, June 27. Dewdney W. Fleet-street, June 27. Dennett G. Gray's-Inn-lane, June 30. Dean J. Watling-street, July 4. Dorset G. Johnson J. Wilkinson J. Berners W. and Tilson J. New Bond-street, July 4. Dickson W. Stamford, July 7. Drowet H. Mansfield-street,

Southwark, July 7. Ditchfield J Newgate-street, July 11. Deverell G. Redbourn, Herts, July 18. Dugdall, P. Portsea, July 20. Dean W. Newbrough, July 27.

Epworth J. Spalding, June 24. Ellis T Preston, July 1. Evans D. Southampton-court, July 4. Elliott G. and Pickard G Wood-street, July 7. Edwards W. Little Newport-street, Leicester-square, July 7. Esdaile J. jun. Cheapside, June 11

Ford S. Birmingham, June 17 Fox B. Gough-square, June 27. Frowd J Windsor, July 11. Fletcher J. Stockport, July 25.

Gardner G. Oxford-street, June 16, 23. Gassiott J. P Union-street, Bishopsgate-street, June 20. German J Aldermanbury, June 20. Green T. Woore, Salop, July 1 Ginger J. Piccadilly, July 3. Grove W. Poultry, July 11. Gordon A. Snowhill, July 11.

Harris J. Great Shire-lane, June 10. Hannam J. Sloane-street, June 23. Haynes B. Pepper-street, Southwark, June 23. Harris J. Keynsham, Somersetshire, 25 Hancock H and Hoffmeyer J B Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 30. Hewey T. Old 'Change, June 30. Hart W. and Turner S jun. Lothbury, July 5. Harris T. Waltham Holy Cross, July 4. Hibbert W Hollinwood, Lancashire, July 7 Hogg J and Holmes E. Sherborne lane, July 7. Hempel J. King's-road, Chelsea, July 7. Hamilton R. Stalbridge, Dorset, July 11. Harris T. Oxford-street, July 18. Hitchin S. Kingsland-road, July 21.

Inman J Houndsditch, July 7. Jordan J. S. Fleet-street, June 16. Jacks W. Bristol, June 20. Jeffery J. Bristol, June 20. Jones H. Rochdale, Lancashire, June 23. Jarrett J. Bristol, July 6. Jones W. Newnham, Gloucestershire, July 6. Jones R. H. Type-street, Finsbury-square, July 11. Joyce W. and Batchellor W. Bristol, July 14.

Kay J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, June 20. Kershaw J and J. Manchester, July 7.

Lewtas M. jun. Liverpool, June 16. Leighton W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 29. Lewthwaite J. Liverpool, July 1. Lowis J. jun. Spilsby, Lincoln, July 15. Leigh P. Charles-street, Hoxton, July 25.

Mills J. and J. Woodwithin, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, June 10. Mitford R. Cornhill, June 23. Mullington T. and J. Blackburn, June 25. Maltby G. Size-lane, June 27 Marston E. Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, June 30. Mencelin I. and Amick D. Cheapside, June 30. Milburn E. C. and Hallowell J North Shields, June 30. Madden T. Page's Walk, Bermondsey, June 30. Maitland D. Wigan, Lancashire, Campbell W London, and Wright W. Liverpool, July 1. Murray J. Buxton, Derbyshire, July 4. Mather G. and Hutchinson J Manchester, July 8. Morgan B. S Suffolk-lane, July 11. Mountfort B. Walsall, Staffordshire, July 13.

Newton E Watling street, June 11.

Oliver F. Tottenham High-cross, July 7. Oliphant J Fleet-street, July 30.

Perry J. J Whitechapel-road, June 6. Pritchard C. G and Tipper S Chippenham, June 20. Pearce M Blackman-st Southwark, June 30. Parkes J. Birmingham, July 1 Preston B. Holborn, July 1. Pugh W. Berwick-street, Soho, July 7. Pritty J Hadleigh, Suffolk, July 10. Pearson J Tudsey, Yorkshire, July 11. Perkins J Hertford, July 11. Parnell J. Deal Kent, July 11. Paine G. Brompton, Kent, July 11

Quaile M. Liverpool, July 6.

Raymond J Fowey, Cornwall, June 24. Rooksby T. Chatham, June 30. Richold M. Brighthelmston, July 7. Robinson G. and J. Paternoster-row, July 11. Rawlinson S Manchester, July 11. Ramsey W. Bury St Edmund's, July 11.

Starr J Worcester, June 15. Sidgreaves G. Preston, June 18. Sanderson J. St. James's-street, June 20. Somerville J. Chancery-lane, June 30. Sharples J. Walton-in-le-Dale, Lancashire, July 1. Stork J. Whitby T. and Botterill M. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, July 4. Shepard H. Cambridge, July 11. Stretch T. Grafton-street, St Pancras, July 11. Swan J. Castor, Lincolnshire, July 13. Stiles S. and M. Dorking, Surrey, July 25.

Tremlett J. Exeter, June 25. Twycross C. Thaives-Inn, Holborn, June 27. Topping J. L. Bishopgate-st. June 30. Taylor W. Little East Cheap, July 4. Taylor W. Harwich, July 4. Turner J. Kingston-upon-Thames, July 7. Titford W. C. Bishopgate-st. June 9. Travers B. Queen-street, Cheapside, July 11. Tabart B. Old Bond street, July 18. Theobald T. Oxford-street, July 21.

Usher J Great Kington, otherwise Kyneton, Warwickshire, July 10.

Wood T. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, June 16. Wood R. Liverpool, June 19. Whiting R. Daventry, June 23. Westthorp N. Harwich, June 25. Wicks W. Middle-row, Holborn, June 27. Wood A. Scotland-yard, Whitehall, June 30. Webb W. Westminster-bridge-road, June 30. Windocker A. Liverpool, July 1. Wallace J Manchester, July 1. Wilkinson J. New Bond-street, July 4. Williams S. Dover, July 4. Warner J. Elmdon, July 4. Watson W P Selby, Yorkshire, July 7. Wirke J. A. Coleman-street, July 11. White T. Borough of Southwark, July 11. Whitcomb M. A. Gosport, July 20. Wake J. Whitby, Yorkshire, July 25.

Younghusband W. Colchester, Essex, July 4. York T. Devonshire-street, July 25.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE continuance of dry weather is an unfavourable circumstance; but nevertheless the crops in general, thus far, have a healthy appearance and promise abundantly, excepting on those cold, wet, poor lands, where vegetation has been backward throughout the spring. On such, the wheat is the worst crop which the present season exhibits, and nothing can recover it but gentle showers and warm weather. In general, the blooming has proceeded most favourably.

The spring crops are all luxuriant and healthy as they possibly can be in this dry time. Beans, pease, and potatoes promise to be great crops; and no injury has yet fallen on the hops. The field cabbages, in some parts, have begun to suffer from the catterpillar. The state of the weather has been such as to preclude saying any thing about turnips.

Artificial grasses are bulky and good. Meadow grass will soon be ready: and the hay crop is probable to be a full average one; around the metropolis it is pretty well got in. There is in no part any great stock of old hay.

Store cattle of every kind dear; fat rather cheaper, and expected more so, excepting prime articles. Horses cheaper. Smithfield—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 6d—mutton, 4s to 4s 8d. —lamb, 5s. to 7s —veal, 6s. to 7s.—pork, 4s. 6d. to 6s 6d.—Bacon, 6s. 4d —Irish, 4s. to 5s.

Middlesex, June 24.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 20, 1807.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d	s.	d	s	d
Middsx.	80	1	———		55	6	53	10
Surrey	84	2	———		41	6	33	8
Hertford	72	0	48	0	38	8	28	10
Bedford	73	1	———		35	4	26	7
Huntin	70	4	———		35	2	24	8
Northa	70	4	50	3	32	9	24	9
Rutland	74	8	———		37	0	———	
Leicest	71	7	———		36	7	24	8
Notting.	75	0	46	0	42	0	28	8
Derby	75	8	———		40	0	27	9
Stafford	74	1	———		41	5	27	9
Salop	70	5	55	6	43	8	31	8
Herefor.	67	1	44	8	32	7	30	11
Wor'st	68	2	———		35	2	32	10
Warwic	74	1	———		38	0	30	10
Wilts	71	6	———		35	4	33	6
Berks	82	2	———		34	2	33	2
Oxford	74	3	———		31	2	30	10
Bucks	75	5	———		36	0	29	10
Brecon	68	3	48	0	32	9	23	2
Montgo.	74	5	———		37	4	29	4
Radnor.	65	7	———		34	5	25	4

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	79	8	8	0	35	8	29	9
Kent	75	0	43	0	36	6	32	6
Sussex	73	0	———		———		32	6
Suffolk	72	1	———		33	6	29	7
Cambridge	69	8	41	8	34	0	22	7
Norfolk	67	10	———		30	5	24	0
Lincoln	70	1	44	10	38	9	24	4
York	71	7	43	8	35	6	26	6
Durham	84	8	———		———		31	5
Northumberland	69	6	54	0	37	4	31	0
Cumberland	71	7	58	5	40	6	31	5
Westmorland	82	0	61	0	41	8	33	5
Lancaster	77	7	———		46	10	27	0
Chester	69	9	———		32	0	28	9
Flint	72	11	———		41	4	———	
Denbigh	82	1	———		44	4	28	8
Anglesea	———		———		36	0	21	0
Carnarvon	79	0	———		41	0	22	4
Merioneth	77	1	———		41	0	26	8
Cardigan	80	4	———		———		24	0
Pembroke	66	8	———		29	10	21	2
Carmarthen	87	0	———		41	4	19	9
Glamorgan	77	4	———		40	0	25	4
Gloucester	71	4	———		35	6	32	5
Somerset	73	7	———		———		22	10
Monmouth	74	10	———		32	0	27	2
Devon	81	5	———		38	2	29	10
Cornwall	84	5	———		39	3	23	1
Dorset	73	6	———		32	6	40	10
Hants	74	2	———		34	1	30	5

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 74s. 6d.; Rye 48s 0d.; Barley 36s. 11d.; Oats 28s. 3d.; Beans 43s. 0d.; Pease 47s. 8d.; Oatmeal 42s 6d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 19, to JUNE 23, 1807.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males 1053	} 2028		Males, 781	} 1561	
Females 975			Females, 780		
Whereof have died under two years old 469					

Between					
2 and 5 - 168			60 and 70	112	
5 and 10 - 68			70 and 80	87	
10 and 20 - 53			80 and 90	-	27
20 and 30 - 106			90 and 100	-	3
30 and 40 - 158					
40 and 50 - 164					
50 and 60 - 146					

Peck Loaf, 3s.11d. 3s.11d. 3s 11d. 3s.11d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

D.	H.	Baro	T.out	T. in	H.	C	Wind	Weather, &c. Rain 5.09
1	7	30.04	55	56.5	62	3	E 1	
	2	29.9	72.5	65	49	2	E 2	
2	7	29.97	55	62.5	58	3	SE 1	
	2	29.94	72.5	66	52	4	NNW 1	. clear night
3	7	29.94	53.5	62	56		WSW 2	hazy
	2	29.92	66	64.5	46	2	W 1	more cloudy . distant thunder : gentle rain
4	7	29.48	52.5	59 5	69	h	E 1	. little rain . brighter at times
	2	29 70	57.5	68	65	h	E 2	fine . cloudy eve : little rain
5	7	29.61	54	58.5	67	h	E 1	fine
	2	29.50	66	62	56	3	E 1	hazy very cloudy and rain at times : fine
6	7	29.25	54	58.5	60	3	S 1	more wind
	2	29.19	60.5	60.5	54	3	S 2	little rain and chiefly cloudy
7	7	29.3	51.5	57	5	4	SW	rain at times
8	2	29.42	56	57.5	56	4	SW 2	brighter and less wind : little rain
8	7	29 5	47.5	54	58	5	SW 1	rain at times but chiefly fine
	2	29 85	55.5	56	5	3	WSW 2	cloudy and chiefly rainy
9	7	29.54	55	56 5	67	5	SW 2	chiefly gentle rain
	2	29 52	57.5	58	55	5	SW 1	rain . chiefly fair
10	7	29 55	52	56.5	63	h	SW 1	drizzling rain . fair
	2	29.75	52	56 5	60	5	N 1	less cloudy : rain
11	7	30.03	46.5	52.5	62	h	NE 1	. rain . fine : rain
	2	0.07	55.5	55.5	59	h	SW 1	much rain . fine . cloudy : rain
12	7	29 85	52.5	55	64	5	SW 2	rain at times
	2	29 72	57.5	56	64	5	SW 2	little wet at times : less cloudy
13	7	29.68	54 5	56	61	4	W 1	less cloudy at times
	2	29 79	61.5	58.5	55	4	W 1	. little rain at night : much gentle rain
14	7	29.96	50	55 5	67	h	E 1	much rain and wind sw : chiefly fair
	2	29.87	56	57	60	5	SW 2	little rain at times
15	7	29.97	54	57.5	66	h	SW 1	drizzly . fair and brighter : fine
	2	30.00	63.5	59 5	61	3	SW 1	. showers . clear night
16	7	0 20	52	57	60	2	SW 1	more cloudy
	2	0.28	61	59	56	4	SSW 2	. more cloudy eve : little rain
17	7	0.29	55	57.5	61	4	SSW 1	. less cloudy
	2	0.32	67	60 5	59	2	SW 1	wind NW at eve
18	7	30.4	57.5	59	60	3	NW 1	wind NE
	2	30.46	68	62 5	50	2	NE 2	
19	7	0.55	49	56	56	2	ENE 2	
	2	0.55	59.5	58	51	1	ENE 2	. cloudy night
20	7	30.45	47 5	53.5	58	5	ENE 2	. fine
	2	0.56	57 5	55	55	2	E 2	
21	7	30 26	55 5	55	61	1	E 1	hazy . more wind
F	2	30.26	65.5	59	46	1	E 3	. less wind at eve
22	7	30.39	49	54	57	1	NE 1	
	2	0.39	56	59.5	55	1	E 1	
23	7	0.59	53 5	57	58	1	E 1	hazy
F	2	30 56	72	62 5	47	2	E 2	hazy
24	7	0 22	59	61	58	2	E 1	hazy
	2	30.16	78.5	66	46	3	E 1	. clear night
25	7	30.00	62 5	64	56	1	E 1	hazy
	2	29,99	80 5	68.5	48	3	S 1	. thermometer 82 . more wind wsw and cloudy eve
26	7	29.93	60	64.5	55	4	WSW 2	. less cloudy
	2	29 94	67	65.5	51	3	SSW 3	. less wind at eve
27	7	29 98	56.5	62.5	54	5	WNW 1	. chiefly fine
	2	30.12	61 5	62.5	49	4	WNW 1	
28	7	30 14	52	59	52	3	WNW 1	
	2	30 05	62	60.5	45	4	S 1	. little rain fine . little rain at night . fine
29	7	29.89	50	57	64	2	N 1	. more cloudy
	2	29 87	60	59	52	4	N 2	little rain . cloudy night and chiefly gentle rain
30	7	29 87	46 5	54.5	56	6	N 3	much rain
	2	29.84	47	53	62	5	N 3	much rain . less wind and fine eve . clear
31	7	29....	48 5	55.5	61	3	E 1	cloudy at times : little rain
	2	30.0	52 5	54	62	5	ESE 1	much rain but fine at times

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MAY 27, to JUNE 25, 1807, both inclusive.

Days 1807	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduc	3 p. Cent. Deferred 1808.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	Short Anns.	Omn.	Irish Om.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	India Sto.	India Bonds	Exche Bills	Lottery Tickets
																			£. s.
May																			
27	231½	63⅝ ¾	63⅛		81⅜	99		17 15-16ths		1¾	4¾					187½	6s. pm.	3s pm	19 16
28		63⅜ ⅝	62⅞		81¼			17⅞		1½			7⅛			187	7s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
29	holiday																		
30	230½	63½ ⅝	63		81⅛	Shut		17⅞		1½						187½	7s. pm.	4s. pm	19 16
Jun.																			
1		63⅜ ⅞	63⅛		81¼	Do.		17 15-16ths		1¾	4¾	62	7⅛				7s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
2	232	63⅞ 64⅛	62¼		81⅜	Do.		18		1⅝	5		7⅛			189	7s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
3		Shut	62⅜		81⅜	Do.	99⅛	17 15-16ths		1¾	5						7s. pm.	4s pm	19 16
4	holiday																		
5	233	Shut	63⅜		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1¾		62⅜						4s. pm	19 16
6		Do	62¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½							9s. pm.	3s. pm	19 16
8		Do.	63¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½		62¼		93½			9s. pm	3s. pm	19 16
9	233½	Do.	63¼		81½	Do.	99⅛	17 15-16ths		1½			7 9-16th				9s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
10	234	Do.	63¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½		62⅜					8s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
11	holiday																		
12	234	Do.	63¼		81½	Do.		17 15 16ths		1½		62¼					8s. pm	4s. pm	19 16
13	234	Do.	63¼		81½	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½			7⅛					3s. pm	19 16
15		Do.	63¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½			7⅛					3s pm	19 17
16	234½	Do.	63¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1½			7⅛				7s. pm.	2s. pm.	19 17
17	234¾	Do.	63¼		81⅜	Do.		17 15-16ths		1⅝		62¼					7s. pm.	1s. pm.	19 17
18		Do.	63⅛		81¼	Do.	99	17⅞		1¼			7 9-16th				7s. pm	1s pm	19 17
19	234¾	Do.	63		81⅛	Do.		17⅞		1		62					6s. pm.	1s. pm	19 17
20		Do.	63		81	Do.		17 15-16ths					7⅛				5s. pm.	Par	19 17
22		Do.	63		81	Do.		17⅞				62					2s. pm.	Par	19 17
23	235½	Do.	62⅞		81	Do.		17 13-16ths		3¼			7 9-16th	94			2s. pm.	Par	19 17
24	holiday																		
25	235½	Do.	62⅞		80⅞	Do.		17 13-16ths		3¼		61⅝		93¾			3s. pm	Par.	19 17

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